

AG Deacon

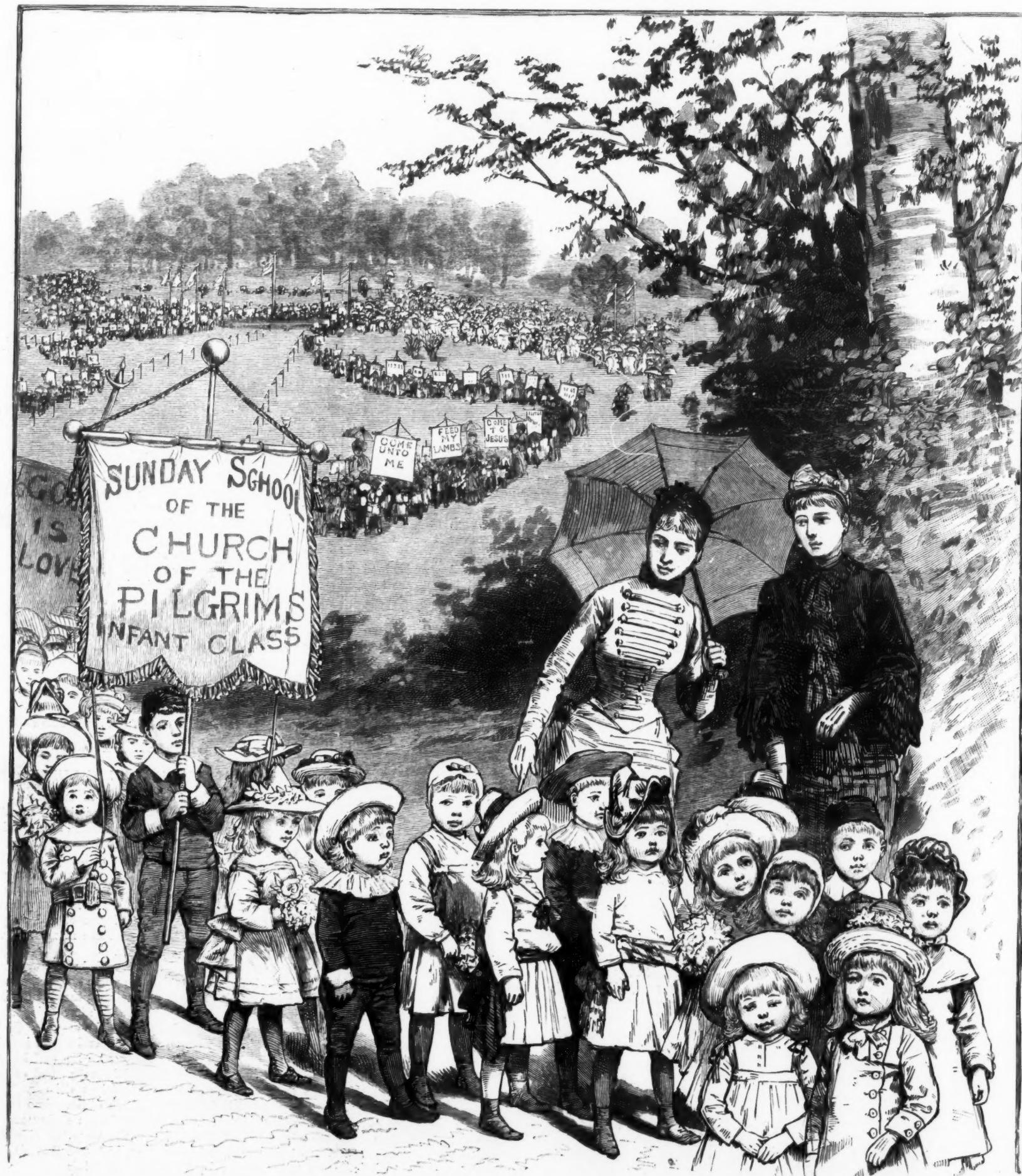
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK.—ANNIVERSARY DAY IN BROOKLYN, MAY 27TH—PARADE OF SIXTY THOUSAND SUNDAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN.
THE SCENE IN PROSPECT PARK.

SKETCHED BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 259.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JUNE 6, 1885.

OUR REPRESENTATIVES ABROAD.

OUR new Minister to Turkey was recently approached by several merchants and philanthropists, in reference to an audience in which they might present to him the important interests which they represented in that country. The reply of Mr. Cox indicated his willingness to hear and to consider whatever statements these gentlemen might make. The attitude was unlike the position frequently assumed by the members of our diplomatic service. Too often has the American Minister and Consul regarded his post as the occasion of a foreign residence, of which the chief duty was—drawing his salary. The ordinary method of conducting our diplomatic system has rendered it in many respects an absurdity. Scarcely any attempt has been made to select men for consularship and second-class diplomatic appointments who are by character and training fitted to the peculiar demands of the country or city to which they are accredited. It is pleasant to be assured that, in making Mr. Cox our Turkish Minister, the President has caused for once the man to find his place, and the place the man.

A former Congressman, now a Judge of the Supreme Court, propounded, a few years ago, the inquiry, "What have we to do with abroad?" The question expresses a sentiment which prevails far too widely among our people. The fact is, we have much to do with abroad, for American manufacturers and merchants are deeply interested in pushing their goods into every country. As an important aid in that direction, the American consul in every port of South America, of Japan, Australia and Africa, should, through the State Department, give full and definite information respecting the commercial demands of the people to whom he is appointed. Our trade should be, and may be, by this means greatly increased. In China, Japan, and every South American country, we possess general advantages much superior to those of England for purposes of trade. Yet, in Brazil and other countries, England has distanced us in commercial leadership. American consuls should be so qualified for their posts that our mercantile interests may be constantly and effectively fostered and enlarged.

The representatives of the United States, further, in foreign parts, should be fitted to represent the interests of civilization and Christianity. Men of corrupt habits and depraved tendencies should be excluded. The American name and character should, in the reputation and character of our diplomats, be rendered more illustrious. The safety and welfare of Americans citizens, residing or traveling abroad, are thus rendered more secure. Thousands of our citizens are residing in Asia and Africa as missionaries of the various branches of the Christian Church. Millions of money, the free offerings of the American Church, are annually expended in the cause of foreign missions. Churches, school-houses, and other apparatus necessary for the carrying on of this work, are found in scores of countries and in the islands of the Pacific. These interests, as important for the progress of civilization as well as of the Church, are more or less directly intrusted to the care of the members of our diplomatic and consular service. The life and property of an American missionary in Turkey, though he be a missionary, should be respected; and this respect our representatives should be fitted to demand and enforce. The simple fact is, that the whole foreign service of our Government, outside of its relation to the five great Powers of Europe, needs to be toned up. The endeavors of the President for its improvement are, and will be, received with great favor by a most important, even if not by a large, part of the American people.

PROTECTING OUR WANDERERS.

HAS the mantle of Blaine fallen upon Bayard? The Maine Secretary of State was objected to in some quarters, and greatly admired in others, because he announced himself in favor of a vigorous foreign policy, and suited the action to the word. But Washington dispatches declare that Mr. Bayard has adopted "a vigorous foreign policy"—which would seem to be pretty nearly the same thing. He has, it is said, issued circular instructions to diplomatic representatives abroad, promising that the United States will protect not only its own citizens, as all other countries do, and those who have signified their intention to become citizens, as Secretary Marey did in the case of Martin Koszta, but even "those who have acquired a domicile here by a residence of any length of time."

If Mr. Bayard's robust round-robin is correctly quoted, he has taken a very large contract. The position is much more extreme and radical than that assumed by any European nation. England, France and Germany have virtually receded from the position they formerly held, "once a citizen, always a citizen," but they have not, by any means, undertaken to protect throughout his future wandering career every foreigner who has made

a summer residence within their borders. We have favored the most advanced foreign policy, especially in the protection of adopted Americans from the conscription and other exactions of the countries they have abandoned; but we are scarcely able to see how we could protect a straggling tramp of the planet, who has no home and seeks none, merely because he has flattered us by tarrying a few weeks under our potential flag. We certainly cannot enforce such a muscular resolution unless we build ourselves a navy that can cope with that of Chili or Spain, and place New York in such a condition of defense that it could not be captured by the war-vessels of China. An infirm and debilitated home policy cannot back up an energetic foreign policy in a manner to do us credit.

A CONTROVERSY ABOUT BAPTISM.

IT seems queer, to say the least, that in this year of the Christian era any ecclesiastical body should be convulsed by a question relating to baptism, or any other external rite. Nevertheless, it is that staid and sober body, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, that has been having a fierce discussion of the subject. Anticipating an appeal and complaint against the action of the Synod of New York, that was to be brought before the Assembly in due order of business, Judge Drake, of Washington, undertook to carry through the Assembly, by a sort of moral *coup d'état*, a couple of resolutions affirming that the Roman Catholic Church has essentially apostatized, and, therefore, that Presbyterians cannot consistently recognize the validity of baptism as administered by the priests of that Church. The Judge avowed his purpose to commit the Assembly to this doctrine, in advance of the consideration of the complaint and appeal to be brought forward at a later stage of the proceedings. As was natural, this movement created a good deal of excitement, many members of the body holding it to be irregular, as well as premature. But the Judge supported his resolutions in a speech well stocked with those opprobrious phrases which a certain class of Protestants are wont to use as applicable to the Roman Catholic Church, but which are far less popular now than they used to be. Sensible Protestants now are generally willing to admit that the Roman Catholic denomination, though fostering some errors, is yet a branch of the true Church of Christ, and that the rite of baptism as she administers it is valid, and ought to be so treated.

Before Judge Drake's resolutions were disposed of, the appeal and complaint from New York came up, and was laid upon the table by an almost unanimous vote. When the discussion of the resolutions was resumed, however, it became evident that there were two parties in the Assembly, each determined to win a victory. Amendments in the nature of a compromise were proposed, and the Assembly was getting into an unpleasant tangle, when a motion to lay the whole subject on the table was carried by a nearly unanimous vote, both sides thus finding relief from an embarrassing position. The effect of this is to leave each Church session free to decide the question for itself whenever it arises in the reception of Roman Catholic converts.

It is a pity that the time of such an Assembly, having before it so many questions of vital importance to the growth of the Church and the moral elevation of society, should be wasted upon an issue having no relation whatever either to piety or morals. It seems like the "washing of cups," or the "tithing of mint, anise and cummin," when the moral and social condition of the world demands absorbing thought and vigilant action.

HOW SHALL WOMEN DRESS?

IF it has become proverbial that women love to talk, and especially love to talk about dress, it deserves to become equally well known that other people also love to talk about women's dress. For the dignified *North American Review* for June contains a long symposium on female apparel, by Dr. W. A. Hammond, who, being a physician, may be excused; and by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, for whom what excuse can be offered? What does he know about women's dress? Mrs. E. M. King, Mrs. Kate T. Jackson and Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps also write their theories about rational female attire. Mrs. King has a leaning towards trousers, and she claims, "We are poor creatures, with cramped minds in cramped bodies!" Dr. Hammond is kind enough to vary the long and monotonous discussion of corsets by declaring that they are not necessarily the cause of all the woes of women, and he reminds us that after many generations of corset-wearers we yet have healthful girls. It is even hinted that many men would derive benefit from the much-abused garment. Miss Phelps is emphatic in demanding trousers, which she considers the only sensible dress for all humanity, because nature has made us bipeds. Mr. Warner is gallant enough to approve of the outward adornment of women, and argues that gay attire is an evidence of civilization.

We fail to find any new arguments in this discussion of so interesting but so old a question, but there is much that is amusing. What is funnier, for instance, than the solemn effort to tell a woman how she should dress, when she is going to dress and do everything else precisely as her own sweet will dictates? Who shall presume to say what is comfortable or what is becoming to a woman at this late day in the history of the world, when for all time

all women have been studying this self-same subject from the first childhood to the second? That they succeed reasonably well both in being comfortable and in being attractive, the approval of men and the success of the milliners is conclusive proof. But the surest proof of the waste of words by the reformers is this frank confession by a woman of fashion, "That the feeling of being well dressed gives a peace of mind that religion is powerless to bestow." Is it conceivable that a woman dressed in trousers could have made that remark? So long as this inner feeling of peace can be given by the old-fashioned dress with skirts, so long as men have eyes and flowing silk has grace, so long as stately movement can give even the monotonous hanging of skirts the graceful curve and movement which made the old poet Herrick speak of the "liquefaction of her clothes," and so long as a woman has a will and a way of her own (which will be till eternity grows old), she will dress precisely as she pleases; and she will please to dress in the prettiest way she can devise.

OUR HEALTH RESORTS.

THAT aggregation of physicians calling itself by the lofty title of the American Climatological Association has appointed a committee for the purpose of visiting the various so-called health resorts and mineral springs of the country during the coming Summer, and determining whether they are good for anything. The object is a most excellent one, and, if it can be attained, the Association will confer a measureless blessing on thousands who sincerely seek for information on the subject in question.

The Association seems, however, to have entirely forgotten to pass one resolution, the enforcement of which would be indispensable in the search for any valuable knowledge, and which may be outlined as follows:

"Resolved, That the members of the committee be required to pay their board at the various resorts visited, and to defray their own expenses for everything required by them at prices charged ordinary guests, and that the acceptance of dinners, carriages, and other hospitalities at the hands of citizens or caterers shall be deemed a misdemeanor, and shall cause a forfeiture of the confidence of this Association."

This bit of instruction was overlooked somehow; but, if the committee fail to comply with its spirit, they will show themselves mere sponges and deadbeats, and their recommendations entitled to no respect. Yet some such arbiter is sadly needed. There are real sanitaria in different parts of this country—one furnishing alleviation to one ailment, and another providing almost a panacea for another, but none capable of banishing all sorts of diseases, as might be inferred from the advertisements. Indeed, a place where one physical infirmity may be cured, is well known to aggravate another for which also it has been extravagantly recommended. Mineral waters which actually do alleviate rheumatism are very deleterious when taken for other troubles, but of this latter quality the owner is careful to give no warning. Resorts, paraded as "free from miasma," are found to swathe the astonished visitor as in a garment. The false fame of these places rests largely on the fraudulent representations of local physicians who write and print what they know to be untrue for the sake of their practice or a partnership in the spring or hotel whose reputation is thus to be advanced. Such men ought to be held up to universal condemnation.

If honest doctors can furnish anxious but bewildered people with some sort of guide and directory of the benefits and injuries to be expected under certain circumstances at the various specified resorts, and if that guide can be made trustworthy, unprejudiced by free passes and unbought by deadhead dinners, it will be a blessing to thousands of harried souls who seek for rest and relief.

SOUTHWESTERN INDIAN TROUBLES.

FOR two years the Indian-haters of the Southwest have had no chance to telegraph East blood-curdling tales of Apache raids. Now Geronimo and fifty Chiricahuas have broken away from San Carlos, and, if reports are true, they have murdered a few settlers who crossed their path. They are making for the Sierra Madre, and possibly their primary object is not the murdering and plundering of miners and cattlemen, at least at present. The troops and cowboys are out in force, and, despite Indian craft, it seems likely that these marauders will meet the punishment they deserve.

Geronimo is a hardened sinner. He broke away from the old Chiricahua reservation ten years ago, and, after a year or two of bloody outlawry, was captured and taken to San Carlos, to escape again, and, after being lured back, to break loose a third time at the so-called Cibecue massacre. Two years ago, when General Crook invaded the Sierra Madre, Geronimo returned. He and his followers found themselves treated honestly, and after a time they went to work like industrious citizens. General Crook, in his last report, spoke of Geronimo as the owner of a farm. It may not have been simply "natural cussedness" that drove him to the warpath. He may have been wronged in some way, or feared that his land was to be taken away from him. But this will probably be his last raid.

The fact should be understood that the 5,000 Apaches at San Carlos have made a long step towards becoming self-supporting under the wise control of General Crook.

They are, possibly, the worst Indians in the country, but their reclamation has been nearly effected, simply because they have been treated honestly by a man willing to understand them and deal with them as human beings. Only an insignificant fraction of the whole number participated in this revolt. What the Apaches need is not "annihilation," as the frontiersmen put it, but secure tenure of land in severality, wagons, tools and seeds from the Government, and all necessary assistance in earning their livelihood and becoming independent.

THE COLOR LINE IN THE CHURCH.

THE enrolment of two colored clergymen as members of the South Carolina Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, with the cordial concurrence of the Bishop, marks a new era in the history of that Church in the States that once tolerated slavery. In not one of those States is what is usually called "the prejudice of color," or the pride of superiority on the part of the whites over the blacks, stronger than in South Carolina. The Episcopal Church there, moreover, is led by the wealthiest and most aristocratic citizens, and we must, therefore, regard this action as a prophecy of the time, when, in every Christian sect at the South, the religious equality of the negro will be recognized. True, a minority of the South Carolina Convention indignantly protested against the affirmation, "that persons of color, and not belonging to the white race, are entitled to seats upon the floor and to participate in the government of the Church"; but the Bishop and the majority of the Convention were in no degree disturbed by this fact, and the future belongs to them, and not to the dissenters.

This recognition of the doctrine asserted by Paul, that in the Church "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all, and in all," has nothing to do with what is called the "social question." It does not imply a mixture of races, as so many will be ready to assert, nor require whites and blacks to invite each other to their parlors and dining-tables in a promiscuous fashion. It simply makes the Church common ground for all orders and conditions of men, and divests "the communion of saints" of the hateful oppugnancies of race. The oldest Christian Church, to its credit be it said, has always recognized this principle. Its altars and aisles are free to worshipers of every shade of complexion, who may kneel upon her floors side by side without offense. This has never led to amalgamation among Catholics, and will not among Protestants.

THE UNSEEN CONTINENTS.

SOCIAL Utopians, who would reform the world by the strong hand, forget how marvelously, every few generations, some great discovery broadens the outlook, and offers priceless opportunities to all honest and industrious persons, even though they be poor and friendless. There are sudden outbursts of energy, a swift breaking-down of ancient barriers, an extension of man's dominion into new and vast fields, and, as in a breath, the problems that had worried whole generations of thinkers are swept into forgetfulness, or, at least, postponed for centuries.

At first these unseen continents were physical. Europe was overcrowded, torn by religious and political disturbances, and upon the eve of still mightier wars and disasters, when the infant colonies were established in America, and free land was offered to the poorest peasant, with all that the ownership of land implies. Outlet for outswarming thousands America has given ever since, and South America, and Africa, and the long-neglected wastes of Asia Minor, and, most of all, the fertile isles of the South Seas, and Australasia, are waiting to perform the same office.

But the real hope for the race is in the immaterial continents—the giant and yet hidden, but continually nearing, discoveries that science promises, and is able to fulfill. Steam, for instance, has been enriching the world for a century, and it has turned thousands of penniless men into millionaires; but now the enormous "plant" of railroads, engines and machinery is in the hands of capitalists. Suppose that Edison or some one else obtains electricity directly from the combustion of coal, and thus makes power one-tenth as cheap as now, and renders useless all that is invested in steam appliances. Then, at once, the opportunity is made free to all men, as of old; a new continent is thrown open for settlement. We will not suggest that Keeley's "etheric vapor" may open another such realm, for doubt and mystery pavilion it round about; but no one has ever seen that simple chemical experiment, the explosion of a drop of water, without feeling that unharnessed giants, infinitely more powerful than steam, are at play, waiting the time when man shall reach his full dominion.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE outwardly quiescent condition of matters between England and Russia continues, and the week has brought little or no information of a character which might be termed definite. The negotiations progress with extreme deliberation. The principal point of dispute at present appears to be the possession of Maruachak. A number of British officers, who publicly entered Herat on the Queen's invitation, recently were cordially received by authorities, troops and people. The British claim that their support is expected by the Afghans.

Turkey, apparently, is not eager to take the Soudan off Eng-

land's hands, in view of the uncertainty in which the latter's future relations to Egypt are just now involved. The Porte is said to have declined the English proposals, recently offered to the Turkish Envoy, for the occupation of the Soudan. The Envoy returning to Constantinople from London with the proposals had an interview at Paris with M. de Freycinet, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who assured him that the French Government would not oppose the Turkish occupation of Suakin, nor of any part of the Soudan over which the Sultan claimed suzerainty. After this assurance, and in view of the former readiness of the Sultan for the task, the rejection of the proposals causes surprise. But Turkey is loath to waste her resources in the Soudan while there is even a remote prospect of a call at Cairo.

Communism has again seethed to the surface in Paris, and the red flag has flaunted defiantly during the past ten days. On Sunday, the 24th instant, the anniversary of the fall of the Commune, the Communists held a demonstration over the graves of their comrades in the Père-la-Chaise Cemetery. In this place of hollowed as well as bloody memories they came in contact with the police, and a fight among the tombstones ensued. The Communists claim that five of their number were killed; the authorities deny that there was any loss of life. The next day, at a Communist funeral, another disturbance took place, M. Henri Rochefort heading the red-flag party. The police acted energetically—it is said, brutally. The Communists vowed vengeance, and there were apprehensions of a serious outbreak. They insisted upon their determination to carry red flags at Victor Hugo's funeral on Monday, and the Government took special precautions against a possible riot on that occasion, ordering several regiments of troops from the provinces to do duty in Paris.

Victor Hugo's remains are to rest in the Pantheon. This building, which replaced the ancient Church of St. Geneviève, was in 1792 converted into a Pantheon to "perpetuate the memory of illustrious citizens." In 1822 it was re-converted into a church, in 1831 back into a Pantheon, and in 1853 it was again restored to religious purposes. Now the Government has once more secularized the edifice, ordering the priests to quit it for good, and thereby causing indignation in many quarters. Voltaire and Rousseau have cenotaphs in the Pantheon, but their ashes do not lie there. The tomb of Victor Hugo, however, will become a national shrine, like that of Napoleon at the Invalides. It is also proposed, now that the Pantheon has been restored to its commemorative purpose, to transfer thither the remains of Thiers and Gambetta.

The formal opening of the great sea-canal from Cronstadt to St. Petersburg, on the 27th instant, was the occasion of a Russian celebration, in which the Czar and the Czarina participated. The work is of great commercial and strategical importance. The construction of the canal has occupied nearly eight years. It is about seventeen miles long, extending from Cronstadt to the Island of Goutovieff, with a southern branch two and one-third miles long to the Ekaterinoff Canal, which runs through St. Petersburg, and a northern channel entering the Neva. This part of the river has also been specially dredged for the passage of ships-of-war. Large vessels can now be constructed or kept in reserve at the capital itself, and sent down the canal to Cronstadt fully equipped to go to sea or to encounter an enemy.

The announcement is made that all the articles of the treaty of peace between France and China have been agreed to, and that the treaty is about to be signed. It is probable, therefore, that in the Paris dispatches we shall now hear less of Tonquin and more of Egypt and Madagascar.

Grave anxiety is felt concerning the condition of the Emperor of Germany, whose illness is reported to be more serious than has been officially admitted.

TWO WEEKS ago, the redoubtable Chief Poundmaker and his band captured a supply-train near Battleford. For a week the simple red men feasted on sardines, lobsters, jam, pickles and pie, put up by the ladies of Toronto for their brothers and sweethearts in the army. Then the braves succumbed, and General Middleton made easy prey of Poundmaker and his leading men, Lean-Man, Yellow-Mud Blanket and Breaking-through-the-Ice. Thus is the noble aborigine demoralized by contact with our civilization.

THE President has very properly decided that he has no authority to continue the New Orleans Exposition by directing that the Government exhibits shall remain there. This action is said to have greatly disappointed the managers of the Exposition, but they certainly have no ground for complaint. The Government has already done more for the Exposition than was warranted by anything in the conduct of the management or the conditions of the enterprise. It is stated that the total amount of the claims upon the Exposition filed at the Treasury Department is already \$307,644, being some \$17,000 in excess of the last appropriation made by Congress.

THE City of Syracuse can claim, without fear of a rival, to have numbered among its residents a husband who obeyed the mandate to "love, honor and obey" with a fidelity that was never known before, and it is to be hoped never will be imitated. His wife, in a fit of passion, told him to take the clothes-line and hang himself. Without a single word of protest against the harshness of the command, or even a reference to her own widowed state when the clothes-line had done its work, he went obediently out and did as he was requested. If the moral character of the act is left out of consideration, his final disposition of himself was probably the best that could possibly have been made.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND's Administration will not be wholly a successful one, unless it shall vigorously commence the construction of navy and seaboard defenses during its term of office. The people demand it. New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City are practically defenseless, and, in case of war, either England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, or even Chili, could put their war-ships off Coney Island and sling shells into Central Park. Any one of those nations would hold these cities at their mercy, and could compel a surrender of the point at issue and the payment of \$500,000,000 as the price of sparing us. This is a disgrace which both parties ought to comprehend, and a weakness which all citizens ought cordially to co-operate in repairing without delay.

THE hide-hunters and the railroads have done their work. The American bison is practically extinct. The vast herds which, a few decades ago, ranged the prairies from the Mississippi River to the Rocky Mountains, are now represented only by heaps of whitening bones and skulls; and even these are rapidly disappearing, to be ground into fertilizers, or worked into knife and umbrella handles and buttons. Formerly, the buffalo supported the Indian; and the Indian, by keeping off the white hunter, protected the buffalo. The aboriginal lords of the plains, human and brute, go out together. It had to be; but even the acknowledged inevitability cannot counteract regret, nor excuse the wantonness of the slaughter during the

past fifteen years. There are still some representatives of the bison tribe in the Yellowstone Park, and a Montana cattle-king is said to have corralled a small herd—merely, however, in view of a prospective corner in robes. Indeed, this corner may be said to exist already; for last year there was no shipment of buffalo-hides to speak of, and this year there can be none, the animals themselves having been exterminated.

AN iron-workers' strike of enormous proportions seems impending in Pennsylvania and Ohio, the wages' scale having expired and the manufacturers having been unable to come to an agreement with the Amalgamated Association of Workmen as to the proposed reduction. If 100,000 men should be thrown out of employment on account of this mutual perverseness, it would be, indeed, lamentable, for it would cause an amount of distress which could not be foreseen. It would be far better for laborers to work at the lowest living rate than to lie idle, especially in view of the fact that more railroads are not at present wanted, and that the demand for iron has greatly diminished in all departments of industry. Manufacturers are making next to nothing, and would not seriously suffer by a general closing out.

IT is to the credit of President Cleveland's Administration that it is not afraid to correct its mistakes when once discovered. Recently, one J. L. Meade was appointed postmaster at Hazlehurst, Copiah County, Miss., in ignorance of the fact that he had been connected with the Copiah "outrages" some ten years ago, in which a prominent Republican was assassinated. The fact of his participation in this affair being brought to the knowledge of the Postmaster-general, he promptly requested Meade's resignation. It is understood that action similar to that in this case will be taken in all others of a similar character, the Administration having determined not to allow itself to become involved in any of the political quarrels which have occurred in the South.

THE very latest discovery is that the United States is doomed to be an African republic. A clergyman named Allen has discovered that the colored population of the country doubles once in twenty years, and the white population only once in thirty-five years; and from this superior fecundity he deduces the broad conclusion that in 1985 there will be 96,000,000 white folks in this republic and 192,000,000 colored folks. Mr. Allen's method of figuring is faulty. Of course, it is true that all of the ignorant races are more prolific than the intellectual and refined races; but it is equally true that a far greater proportion of the former die in childhood, and that the number of whites and blacks living to the adult condition is about the same. Of a hundred white male children born, something like fifty may be expected to grow to manhood; but it will take at least one hundred and fifty male black children to produce the same number of men. As races become enlightened and educated, they have fewer children; but the sanitary conditions are improved, and the death-rate is correspondingly reduced. So there is no danger that Dr. Allen's bugbear will ever become dangerous.

THE daily papers are discussing street-car manners again. It is an inviting if not a profitable topic. It is impossible to lay down any rule about a gentleman's offering his seat to a lady, because it depends on many elements: Whether the gentleman is tired or ill; whether the lady is aged or handsome; whether the sitter has arrived within half a block of his destination, and wishes to get a sweet bow and a reputation for politeness without expense; and other considerations. But some infallible rules can be laid down: Every street-car traveler should remember that it is a five-cent conveyance, and that to occupy more room than is absolutely needed is boorish and vulgar; ladies should always be ready to "move along" and make room for those who stand; every gentleman offering his seat to a lady should do so respectfully, and definitely signify his intention either by word or gesture, instead of merely standing up and turning his back on her, and then complaining, afterwards, that she "didn't thank him." All will be easy, even in the social observances of a horse-car, if every passenger will remember that it is the most democratic vehicle in the world, and that, if he wished to monopolize more than a single seat, he should have taken a carriage instead.

THERE has been a curious revolution in the house of Fleischer. He was obscure, but he woke up one morning and found himself famous, like Byron. He was starving—he and his wife and his eight little children. He thought he would get rid of his troubles by imitating Odlum. And he builded a good deal wiser than he knew. For the police grabbed him in the act of jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge. He told his pitiful story of struggle and want as he was taken to jail. The public tears flowed, and the public generosity was touched. In twelve hours the humble Fleischer tenement was filled with food coming from all quarters. Barrels of flour and sugar, and fresh meat and coffee and ham barricaded the door, and filled the room with a pleasant and unusual odor; and Mrs. Fleischer received \$400 to put in bank, and the disconsolate head of the house was snatched out of jail by a tender-hearted German, and "given a good chop," at \$8 a week. So far the picture is agreeable; but what of the future? Is public sympathy henceforth to be tested weekly by indulging in this new crime—Odlumism? And if it is, how long will it be ere the public pulses cease to flutter and the public purses cease to fly open when the wretched being is hauled down from his perilous perch?

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

GABRIEL DUMONT, the lieutenant of Riel in the Northwest rebellion, has been captured.

THE steamship *City of Rome*, which arrived at this port on the 28th ultimo, ran down a French fishing-vessel when off the Banks of Newfoundland, causing a loss of twenty-two lives.

AN invasion of locusts in Northeast Arkansas is creating widespread alarm. Many wheat fields have been destroyed, and fears are entertained that cotton and corn will be attacked.

THE returns from internal revenue taxes for the first ten months of the current fiscal year show a net falling-off of a little over \$7,000,000, substantially all of which was in the taxes on spirits. The loss here was \$6,978,395, while there was a slight advance (\$67,637) in the taxes on fermented liquors, and a decrease of \$226,802 in the miscellaneous taxes.

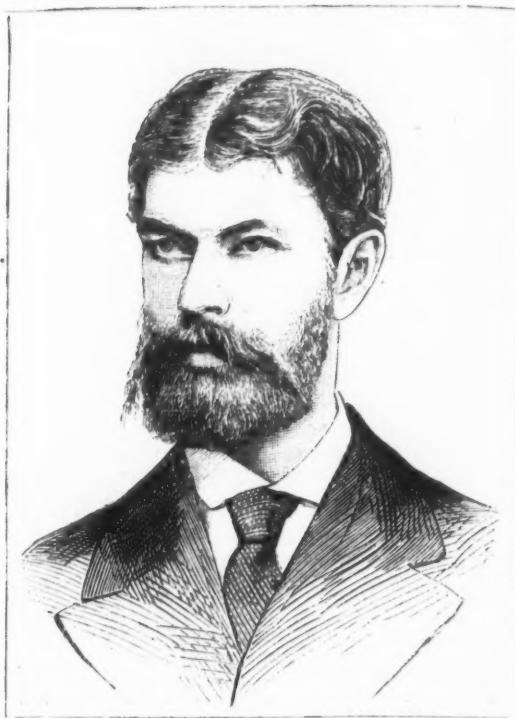
FOREIGN.

GERMANY and England have agreed upon the frontier of their New Guinea possessions.

LATE reports from San Salvador announce that bands of insurgents are concentrating at various points, and a serious rebellion is thought to be imminent.

A FILIBUSTERING expedition of a dozen men recently landed in Santiago-de-Cuba, and committed some depredations. At last accounts, however, the expeditionists had been scattered and no further trouble was anticipated.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 255.



RUSSIA.—M. PAUL LESSAR, RUSSIAN ENVOY TO LONDON.



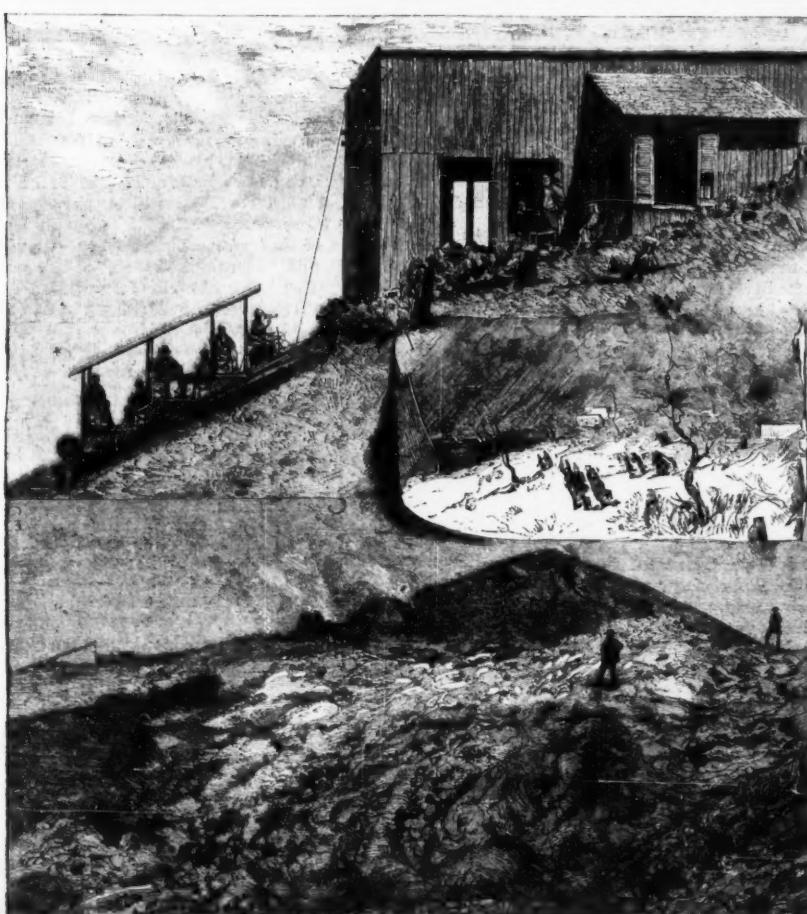
AFGHANISTAN.—THE DURBAR AT RAWAL-PINDI, RELATIVE TO THE FRONTIER DIFFICULTY.



INDIA.—ENGLISH MILITARY PREPARATIONS—TRANSPORTING RAILWAY MATERIALS ON THE BACKS OF ELEPHANTS.



ITALY.—THE LATE COUNT MAMIANI,
PHILOSOPHER AND POET.



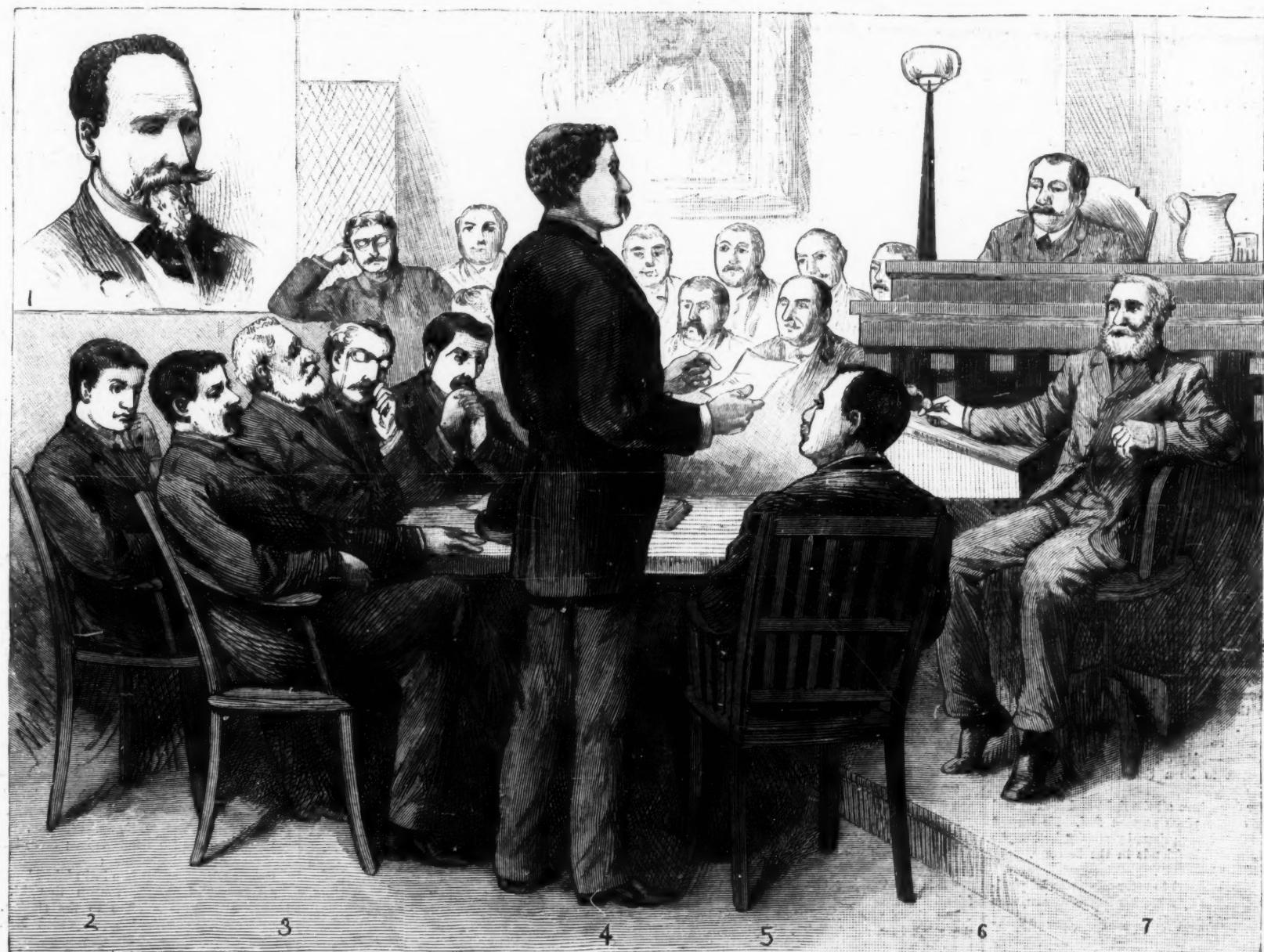
1. Funicular Railway. 2. Flight of Villagers. 3. Fissures opened below the Great Crater, May 2d.
ITALY.—THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.



RUSSIA.—OPENING OF THE INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION AT ST. PETERSBURG,
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ILLINOIS.—THE CHICAGO BASEBALL CLUB.
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1. Madison, the Father. 2. T. J. Cluverius, the Accused. 3. Counsel for Defense. 4. Counsel for Prosecution. 5. Jury. 6. Judge Atkins. 7. Sergeant.
VIRGINIA.—THE TRIAL, AT RICHMOND, OF T. J. CLUVERIUS FOR THE MURDER OF FANNIE LILLIAN MADISON.
FROM A SKETCH BY C. BERKELEY.—SEE PAGE 255.

A RAINY DAY.

ON a day like this, when the streets are wet, When the skies are gray and the rain is falling, How can you hinder an old regret? For a joy long dead, and a hope long set, From rising out of its grave and calling— Calling to you, with a voice so shrill, That it scares the reason and stuns the will.

On a day like this, when the sun is hid, And you and your heart are housed together; If memories come to you all unblid, And something suddenly wets your lid, Like a gust of the outdoor weather,

Why, who is in fault, but the dim old day, Too dark for labor, too dull for play?

On a day like this, that is blurred and gray, When the rain drops down in a ceaseless fashion; If a dream, that you banished and put away, Comes back to stare in your face and say

Mute eloquent words of passion— If the whole vast universe seems amiss— Why, who can help it—a day like this?

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

ONE WOMAN'S WORK.

BY LILY CURRY.

"At her feet he bowed, he fell,
He lay down;
At her feet he bowed, he fell;
Where he bowed,
There he fell down dead!"

Song of Deborah and Barak.

"A CURIOUS name. She is not a Pole?" The other laughed. "Her husband may have been. Poor old chap! He only lived six months."

"And left her a million! Fortunate woman. She cannot be more than twenty. Zadresky, you said?"

"Helene Zadresky," the other answered, dreamily.

They were leaning from the colonnade balcony of the quaint old hotel—the Southerner and his visiting Northern friend—leaning out into the languid Southern night and listening to street music in the distance.

"Masaniello! Always Masaniello," said the first speaker. "Charming air; but I wonder if that organ is going to grind all night? . . . Murchison isn't coming out, evidently. What made you present him?"

"I am just a little sorry," his friend made answer. "He is apt to be fascinated; and the poor fellow has enough on his hands already."

The electric light flashing up from the street upon the young men's faces—Rodney Clark's keen, dark countenance and Henry Beaman's languid, yet attractive, visage—said, most decidedly, "of North and of South." The three had been college friends—Rodney, from the Northern metropolis; Clay Murchison, of Georgia, and Henry Beaman from the quaint old Crescent City. It was a pleasant reunion, this, of theirs, despite the circumstances of the Georgian's hither coming.

Rodney spoke again, playfully:

"If you say the word, I'll go in and bring him out by main force."

"Better not try it. You might fall a victim yourself."

"Is she so terrible?"

"Terrible! She is a divine creature."

These two, still loitering in the balcony of the old hotel; but, in the parlor which they had so lately quitted—what? A group of five, two being ladies. Of the latter, one was undoubtedly a chaperone—a quiet little thing of middle age, irreproachably costumed in violet velvet and satin, but absolutely plain of countenance. The other was—Helene Zadresky—an unmistakable blonde, with skin like ivory, and lips of pure vermillion; an exquisite form, willowy, as perfect in outline; a face with the long, reposeful features that the great artists love to give their saints. She wore black, with a cool, drooping and gracious effect—a costume composed wholly of lace, it seemed, save for a pointed bodice of gleaming jets. She had a trio of crimson roses leaning from her bosom, and a larger cluster on her fan. Her neck and arms shone dazzling above the blackness of her costume.

Two of the gentlemen were in full evening dress; with these the chaperone conversed, while Helene Zadresky turned aside with Murchison.

The young man's face was flushed—an almost feverish light shone in his eyes, as he bent his golden head to look upon her. He was tall and strong, and yet the beauty of his countenance was slightly womanish.

But no flush came over the face of Helene Zadresky. She smiled serenely at last, and put out her hand.

"We must be leaving now," she said. "I am sorry you are not going also. But I will not say *au revoir*—only *au revoir*!"

Clay Murchison bowed low, then stood, as if rooted to the spot, and watched the little party sweep away. Weeks afterwards there came an hour when he could hear her voice again: "I will not say *au revoir*—only *au revoir*!" And then the words seemed to burn themselves in upon his brain.

With her departure all the light and beauty and fragrance of the place seemed fled. He turned about in a dazed way; then, by-and-by, bethought himself to seek his friends in the balcony.

"At last—!" Rodney Clark, about to utter some playful platitude, was checked by a motion from Beaman, who spoke, seriously:

"How do you like Mrs. Zadresky?" Murchison drew a deep breath.

"She is so beautiful!" he said, in a helpless way.

Rodney caught him up, disputatiously:

"Is she beautiful, or is it your fancy? Do you not merely *imagine* that she is beautiful?"

"She has the face of an angel!" cried the Georgian, with an impetuosity which silenced the other.

Neither of the three spoke for some moments. Then Murchison recalled, aloud, some subjects the lady had mentioned.

"She said our name was very familiar—she spoke of my grandfather. . . . She was telling me about her plantation, out in the western part of the State—she said the wild-rose hedges were miles long."

"You have made fine headway in one short half-hour," laughed Rodney.

"If you are a good boy," Beaman interposed, lauging, "she will invite you out to visit her. Have you permission to call on her here at the hotel?"

Murchison answered, a trifle awkwardly:

"Yes."

Beaman was the eldest of the three, and far too sensible to attempt anything like admonition.

"All right," he said, carelessly. "Only don't let her turn your head. She is about as fascinating a woman as lives—at least, in New Orleans. That is the reason why I keep away from her myself. We are pleasantly acquainted, both living here at the hotel, you see, so much of the time—but that is all."

Murchison did call upon the lady the following afternoon, and was received in her private parlor, where a pleasant wood-fire sparkled in the grate. It had rained in the night, and there was dampness yet in the atmosphere, though sunlight had begun to stream in at the old-fashioned windows.

The *duenna*, whom he had met the night before, arose and retired to an adjoining chamber, of which the door stood open wide. But Helene Zadresky scarcely stirred from the crimson easy-chair in which she reclined. She gave him a cordial smile, however, and pointed to a willow rocker.

"You will find that comfortable, I think," she said. "I do so wish you had gone with us to the 'PICKWICK' last night! The reception was a thorough success. I thought of you many times."

She had thought of him! His heart was beating with a strange excitement. He secretly surveyed her when, at intervals, the long lashes swept the colorless cheeks, and veiled the midnight eyes. He had not been mistaken; it was an angelic countenance, pure, and all unmarred by passion. Even in the strong, unparing sunlight her complexion was still perfect. And she was very simply dressed, in some soft, cream-colored material.

But he could not sit always silent before her.

"You said our name was a familiar one," he ventured.

"Yes." The modulation of her voice was wonderful. "My mother, years ago, knew Mr. Felix Murchison."

"My grandfather!" said Clay, as she paused. "He is long dead."

"I knew he was dead," she continued, with serious inflection. "But I have heard my mother speak of him—quite often. He did not always live in Georgia?"

"He spent but little of his time there," said Clay.

"Ah? . . . But you—you are a pure product of the State?"

She was smiling again. And he, too, smiled, though without reason.

"I suppose so," he answered.

And then they began to talk about his home and family, and even more about the length of his stay in New Orleans.

When he took his leave, Clay Murchison went direct to the room of his friend Beaman, with whom he was to dine.

Beaman eyed him steadfastly.

"You look disturbed. Aren't you well?"

"Well! Oh, yes, perfectly well; never better," was the answer, with a short, hysterical laugh. "Only my affairs worry me a little."

"I should think they might," said Beaman drily. "I suppose you have been consoling your self with La Zadresky. Heavens, man! why turn scarlet? You have a right; you are not married yet!"

"Married!" The other gasped once or twice, then his rage poured out, a passionate torrent. "Nor will I ever be—to that girl! Not if a dozen brothers pursue me with shotguns! I tell you I will not! I never have harmed her in any way, and she shall not be thrust upon me. I don't love her—I never did. The engagement was forced on me—for family reasons, to 'heat the old feud,' the everlasting, accursed feud! Why should I be made the victim? I say, again, I will never marry Eula Hartley!"

"Bravo!" said Beaman, in an ordinary tone. "You are right, of course, old fellow. But—you know, you told me, the other night, that you thought the brother would track and follow you here. Do you think so still?"

Murchison answered with an effort:

"I still think so."

"That is a pity. . . . But we ought not to spoil our appetites with these unpleasant subjects. Let's have something more agreeable. I suppose you will see Mrs. Zadresky quite often, now?"

"To-morrow," said Murchison, vaguely. "We are to meet at the Exposition."

Beaman cleared his throat, and looked thoughtfully out of the window. Had he voiced his thought, Murchison would have listened to this prophecy:

"You are walking straight to your doom, my friend!"

But there was only silence in the room, until the clock in a neighboring steeple rang out the hour.

"Straight to your doom!" Might any voice have whispered this to the young Georgian that following afternoon, as he stood waiting for her in the music-hall of the great main building? He was twenty minutes too soon, and so sat down in

the last row of seats and listened to the concert progressing at the further end. A Mexican band was singing—a peculiar song, which caught one's attention in spite of other things. A two-part refrain in major thirds, rising and dipping back, and re-rising, rhythmic and melodious. The song kept on swinging through his brain even after the singers had ceased, and some one else began an oration. And so he fell into a curious, palpitating sort of dream, and waited for her coming.

She was punctual. A bell-chime not far off was ringing for three o'clock, when a light hand touched his shoulder.

"You are here!" her soft voice spoke. She was alone. He noted this with a thrill of pleasure. Alone and smiling and girlishly light-hearted. A moment later and they were sauntering off together.

Might any secret voice have whispered: "To your doom?"

* * * * *

"My poor friend!" It was her voice, sorrowful and thrilling. Her voice, and her eyes were turned upon him, dark and serious. And, for his part, he sat at her side, somewhat dazed and wholly disconsolate. They had been sitting there a long time—in the quietude and the pleasant light. No one had disturbed them from the little bench they had chosen as a seat. Only few had come wandering up and down the aisles of the hall, and gazing at the great tables of fruit outspread and labelled for inspection. It seemed like a great conservatory. The wind came gushing gently through, and now and then were audible the low signals of the boats on the river just outside the grounds—and sometimes these were almost like a song. The Hall of Horticulture was a pleasant place that day. And he had been telling her his troubles.

Murchison did call upon the lady the following afternoon, and was received in her private parlor, where a pleasant wood-fire sparkled in the grate. It had rained in the night, and there was dampness yet in the atmosphere, though sunlight had begun to stream in at the old-fashioned windows.

The *duenna*, whom he had met the night before, arose and retired to an adjoining chamber, of which the door stood open wide. But Helene Zadresky scarcely stirred from the crimson easy-chair in which she reclined. She gave him a cordial smile, however, and pointed to a willow rocker.

"My poor friend! I am so sorry for you. It is hard to tell what one should do in such a case.

Perhaps, if you should go abroad, things would turn out right in time. And yet, I can understand your feeling to be driven from one's home.

And to fancy some one pursuing constantly!"

* * * * *

He could not remember afterwards what, if anything, more she had said, until they had left the park and returned to her hotel apartments in the city. Then, seated alone with her before the grate in her little parlor, for all the nights grew chill as yet, he had heard her speak again.

"Next week," she had said, "I am going—we are going, auntie and I—into the country to Bayou Grace, to my plantation. Suppose you come with us for a fortnight, or longer if you wish. We are always glad of company. And perhaps, in the meantime, you will see your way out of this affair. At all events, your life will be safe—from the brother. He will give up his search; his thirst for vengeance will subside. Perhaps the young lady may console herself with another. You can take your time about going abroad—you need not be driven from the country."

He looked at her in a stupefied way. Was she woman or angel? Did she tempt, or seek to succor?

"You cannot be in earnest?" he faltered.

"Cannot be in earnest?" she repeated, curiously. "My dear friend, you will trust me yet. You must certainly come with us to Bayou Grace. . . . As to your marrying the young lady, it is hard to say what were right. And yet, is it not Truth against Honor? Swear to love, protect and cherish, and so swear to a lie?" She became suddenly excited; her voice rose high and vibrated strangely. "No, no, no! You must not, you shall not! You shall not be a hypocrite!"

A second later Murchison was on his knees at her side, clasping her hand and crying out desperately: "Helene!"

"Oh! hush, hush! Auntie is coming. Be calm. We are both excited. I think you'd better go now; but come again to-morrow, at three."

He was on his feet again.

"Good-night," he said, tremulously, and went out.

Was he awake or dreaming? Sane or—gone mad?

He had knelt, had taken her hand, had called her by her given name. And he had known her just three days! "Come again, to-morrow!" she had said. What did he care now for his other affairs? Twenty men might be dogging his footsteps with murderous intentions. Death might be looking at him through every door and window. She had not rebuked him for calling her name. And he was to spend a fortnight—or longer—upon her plantation! Was he sane or gone mad?

Some of the most enduring of passions have sprung from even such beginnings. Love at first sight this has been called.

But Clay Murchison, after a night's rest—the heavy sleep of exhaustion—awakened with calmer notions. He knew his fate; to love Helene Zadresky. And now he must not shock or wound or insult her by a too hasty disclosure of this passion. He must wait and win her ultimately. He must be prudent and self-contained. When he called that afternoon, the *duenna* was present and remained. He did not see Helene again alone that week. The following Tuesday he accompanied them to the country. The night before he left town he went to Beaman's apartments to say good-by. Rodney Clark was also there. Neither one seemed surprised to know his plans.

"An excellent idea," said Beaman. "I think I told you she would ask you out there. . . . I suppose you have not heard from Eula Hartley's fiery relative?"

"I had a letter to-day," said Murchison, quietly. "A letter threatening everything. He is stopping up at Pass Christian."

"Very good hotel up there," said Beaman, for want of something better.

* * * * *

A fortnight of Paradise! Bodily security, and the presence of Helene Zadresky! Far into the beautiful sugar-bowl country, past many a

smiling bayou, they had journeyed, to find peace. A half-day's ride by rail; a sunset drive in a low barouche, through all the spring-tide fragrance of the roads winding up to a rather large drab house built upon a rise of ground, with just sufficient shade of oak and cypress—none too much.

A fortnight of Paradise! Clay Murchison took now no heed of time. He only knew that he was no longer harassed. The alliance, to escape which he had fled from his Georgia home to the Southern city, and the consequences, which had pursued him, incubus-like, for many days, were almost forgotten. Harley might be at Pass Christian or New Orleans, or anywhere else. It was of little consequence. He would never come to Bayou Grace. And Clay was dreaming a man's first, wonderful dream of love, the dream which comes but once in any life.

These were days of delicious sunlight for two to take long drives throughout the pleasant country; these were nights of balm and wondrous stars o'erhead.

Even so he dreamed his dream, until these were the words that awakened him—words of a letter sent by Henry Beaman:

"What has happened? I should think it might be safe for you to return by this. Do you know you have spent nearly a month at Bayou Grace? Or are you located permanently?"

heart seemed turned to stone. She had not loved him. She despised him and his race. It had been all a dream—this month at Bayou Grâce. But the dream had lasted so long that to waken was—to die!

"Oh! God!" he said over and over, "to die!"

Late the following evening, Beaman and Rodney Clark, chatting in the former's pleasant hotel apartment, were startled by a messenger summoning them at once to a private lodging-house a half-mile distant.

"Come at once! a friend of yours has shot himself!" the message read.

They looked at each other, and spoke with horrifed accord:

"Murchison!"

Stone-dead! And there was nothing to be done but read the letter he had left for Henry Beaman—the letter of nine words: "I loved her; but she did not love me!" Stone-dead! with stilled features and a look of peace, and only one death-wound seen above the heart.

But some wounds are invisible.

And even as Beaman read that pitiful last message of the dead, there were footsteps and the voice of a woman in the hall. He went out suddenly at the sound of that voice, and blocked the pathway of Helene Zadresky and her chaperone. She stared at him with anguished eyes.

"What has happened?" she cried out, breathlessly. "What has happened to him? No one will tell me! I—I thought I could go away—and forget him; but I could not! I have come back; I must see him—I have come so far—to tell him—Why do you stop me here? Is he ill? I will go to him!" Her voice was strained and high. She struggled to pass.

"Go, then!" said Beaman, mercilessly. "View your work!"

But over the threshold of her lover's room she fell senseless.

It is another night in the Crescent City.

Beaman and Rodney Clark are lingering in the colonnade of the old hotel. It is a full month since Murchison died. They are speaking of Helene Zadresky.

"I pitied her a little," Clark says, in a thoughtful tone.

"Did you?" says Beaman. "I can scarcely say the same. Poor Murchison is not the only one who has come to grief through love of her. But to me, apart from his being my friend, the circumstances in his case were peculiarly aggravating. . . . Somehow, I can't help but liken her to that woman in the Old Testament. What was her name? The one that shielded Sisera? He asked for water and she gave him milk; then she put a spike through his head. . . . Curious, wasn't it?"

"I remember," says Rodney, very slowly. "Her name was Jael. . . . But there is no record, I believe, of Jael's repenting?"

THE CHICAGO BASEBALL CLUB.

THE present tour of the Chicago Baseball Club, in the Eastern cities of the National League, has excited an unusual degree of interest by reason of the active rivalry existing between the leading clubs for the honor of winning the League championship for 1885. In New York this interest was manifested by the attendance of great crowds of people to witness the important contests between the baseball giants of the New York and Chicago clubs. From the indications noted before the first month of the playing season is ended, it is evident that public interest in baseball is greater than ever before, and that the struggle for championship honors will attract the attention of a larger number of people than at any previous time. In Chicago, the portraits of whose representative team are given on another page, the most elaborate preparations have been made for the season's games. The new grounds of the Chicago Club have been fitted up at a cost of \$30,000, a solid brick wall having been erected around the inclosure of 400 x 600 feet, at a cost of \$10,000. This is the only athletic park in America that is inclosed by a brick wall, and in its general aspects it is said to be superior to anything of the kind this side the Atlantic. A quarter-mile bicycle track of improved construction is one of its features. The Chicago Baseball Club has a history co-extensive with that of the National League itself. During the tenure of the late President Hubert, Chicago was the official headquarters of baseball in America. The President of the Chicago Club, Mr. A. G. Spaulding, now a wealthy and influential business man, will be remembered as the famous pitcher of the Forest City Club of Rockford, the Boston Red Stockings and the champion Chicagoes of 1876. The stockholders and directors of the Chicago Club are, without exception, gentlemen of wealth and high social standing, and in no city in the United States is baseball maintained upon a higher plane or more liberally patronized than in the wonderful Western metropolis. The players of the Chicago Club, like their city, are noted for their enterprise and spirit. This is peculiarly true of their batting, base-running and well-disciplined co-operation in fielding. Their captain and first baseman, Adrian C. Anson, is a conspicuous figure by reason of his physique, playing abilities, and thorough knowledge of the rules and laws of the game. In pitchers and catchers, the club has valuable material in Corcoran, Clarkson, Flint and Sutcliffe; an efficient in-field in Anson, Pfeffer, Burns and Williamson; and a famous trio of out-fielders in Dalrymple, Gore and Kelly.

THE CLUVERIUS TRIAL.

OUR illustration, on page 253, representing the scene in the court-room at Richmond, Va., where the trial of T. J. Cluverius for the murder of Miss Fannie Lillian Madison has been in progress for some time, contains portraits of all the personages prominently concerned in this much-talked-of case. An eminent array of legal talent has been brought to bear on both sides; and the engagement of such a distinguished jurist as Judge Crump for the defense has given additional interest to the proceedings.

The circumstances of the murder have been

made familiar by the detailed accounts which have appeared in the newspapers during the past ten weeks. Miss Madison, who was a descendant of President Madison, was a young lady of twenty, and had been employed as a governess. Cluverius is a young lawyer, twenty-four years of age, and is said to be highly connected in Virginia. Miss Madison visited Richmond on the 13th of March last, and on the following morning her dead body was found in a reservoir on the outskirts of the city, where it had evidently been thrown after a violent struggle. Cluverius, who had been on intimate terms with the murdered girl, was at once arrested; and during the trial the prosecution has woven about him a strong chain of circumstantial evidence, which the defense is now exerting itself, apparently with some success, to break. In many respects, the case recalls that of Jennie Cramer, who met her death at New Haven, some years since, under circumstances which are still partly involved in mystery.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

PAUL LESSAR.

Paul Lessar, the Russian Envoy to London, who has become so well known in connection with the Afghan frontier question, is but thirty years of age, handsome, and accomplished. He finished his studies at the Russian Institute of the Ways of Communication in 1873. Since then he has been in the Government's employ, building railways and bridges. He took part in General Skobelev's Akhal-Teke campaign. From 1881 to the beginning of the Anglo-Russian difficulty, Mr. Lessar was engaged in studying the Russo-Afghan frontier. His rank is not a high one, but he is the only Russian diplomat who thoroughly knows the frontier for which England and Russia may yet fight.

THE DURBAR AT RAWUL-PINDI.

The "Durbar," or conference, between Lord Dufferin, Viceroy of India, and the Ameer of Afghanistan, held at Rawul-Pindi, on the 8th of April, was an interesting affair. The Ameer was received by the Viceroy, the Duke of Connaught, and a host of officials. He was simply dressed in a light-colored coat, without ornament, and black astrakhan turban, on the right side of which was a cluster of diamonds. The Viceroy wore a lord lieutenant's uniform, and, taking the central seat in the dais, placed the Ameer on his right and the Duke of Connaught (who wore a general officer's uniform) on his left. After a brief conversation, the presents for the Ameer were brought in. These included sporting rifles, guns, revolvers—all gold-mounted—gold watches, clocks, salvers, silver tea-services, binoculars, gold lockets, richly-worked cabinets, dresses of honor, a portrait of the Viceroy, and a richly mounted sword, bearing an inscription that it was a present from his friend the Earl of Dufferin. The Ameer made a speech of thanks, declaring that, "In return for this kindness and favor, every possible service I and my people can render to the British people shall be rendered, whether as regards my army or my people." Stimulated by the burst of applause which followed these words, he added: "As the British Government has declared, it will help Afghanistan in beating off any external enemy, therefore, the Afghan nation will join in the firmest manner, and stand side by side with the British Government." The sword of honor was then handed to the Ameer by Lord Dufferin, with a few appropriate words, to which the Ameer replied in words similar to those employed by Shere Ali at Umballa when receiving his sword from Lord Mayo. He said he hoped the sword might be drawn to strike any enemy of the British Government. The Ameer was then reconducted to his carriage by the Viceroy and the Duke of Connaught, and the Durbar was over.

PORTABLE RAILROAD IN THE BOLAN PASS.

The English, in their military preparations in Northern India, in the vicinity of the Bolan Pass, have found the portable railway to be of great service. This railway is the invention of M. Decauville, whose vast ateliers on the Seine, near Paris, are celebrated. The French in Tonquin and the Russians in Turkistan, for two or three years past, have availed themselves of M. Decauville's ingenious invention with satisfactory results. The small sections of steel rails in the form of ladders and the miniature cars, are put in operation, taken up, and transported with great facility, and by this means supplies in any quantity may be hurried to the front. The English have just adopted the system in the Indo-Afghan frontier region. There it was necessary to carry the materials, including a locomotive, over the mountains on the backs of elephants. This was accomplished successfully, the locomotive having been constructed in two pieces, the heavier of which weighed only 1,800 kilogrammes, the maximum load for an elephant.

COUNT TERENZIO MAMIANA.

Count Terenzio Mamiana della Rovere, the Italian poet, philosopher and politician, died May 22d. Born in 1800 at Pesaro, Mamiana was at an early age identified with revolutionary movements in Bologna against the rule of Pope Gregory XVI. Exiled, but captured, he was imprisoned at Venice in 1831, but afterwards was allowed to live in France, where for fifteen years he devoted himself to philosophy and literature, producing many detached articles, verses—some of them hymns and metaphysical works. Pope Pius IX. recalled him to Rome in 1848, making him Minister of the Interior, and, later, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Upon the partial consolidation of Italy in 1860, he became Victor Emmanuel's Minister of Public Instruction, and soon after went to Switzerland as the Italian Ambassador. As a delegate to the Piedmontese Parliament, before this, he had shown himself an orator of power, and warmly championed Cavour's policy. Afterwards he held the chair of philosophy and history in the University of Turin, and still later was Envoy to Athens. He presided over the General Council of Instruction in Rome and edited a philosophical review of the last decade.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

For a month past Mount Vesuvius has been in a perturbed condition, sending forth smoke and lava, and furnishing Naples with an imposing spectacle. The eruption began on the 2d of May, when three deep fissures opened in the side of the great cone, below the principal crater, and not far from the station of the cable railway, by means of which tourists now ascend the mountain. Lava poured forth in abundance, and, streaming down the mountain-side, threatened the cultivated lands above and between the villages of Torre del Greco

and Torre Annunziata, whence the inhabitants fled in terror. Here its course was arrested, and the active eruption subsided in a day or two. Our illustrations show the new openings of the volcano, the flight of the villagers from the menacing flood of fire, and a section of the famous funicular railway. This railway was built in 1880. It begins at the foot of the great cone, at the end of the carriage-road from Resina, and ascends on an inclined plane of fifty degrees to the summit. Its length is 900 metres. The ascension of the cone, which formerly required an hour's toil on foot, now occupies but a few minutes.

OPENING OF THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION IN ST. PETERSBURG.

On May 3d (April 21st, O. S.), an Industrial Exhibition was opened in St. Petersburg, the occasion being the centennial anniversary of an ukase by which Czarina Catherine II. granted certain rights and privileges to the industrial classes or guilds. Bishop Sergius, Vicar of St. Petersburg, assisted by many clergymen, performed a solemn Te Deum and sprinkled the exhibition with holy water. The Grand Duke Nicholas and the Minister of Finances were present at the ceremony. All the exhibits are Russian products. Every industry of the Empire is fully represented, from the samovar, or copper teakettle, to the wooden spoons and dishes which, as yet, are mostly used throughout the Czar's dominions.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The Triboulet system of photographing all the country as seen from a captive balloon has succeeded well. A very small balloon carries up to the necessary height the photographic apparatus, the panoramic object-glass of which is provided with a valve which can be opened through an electric current managed by the operator, who remains on the ground. The impressions obtained are useful for military purposes.

A GERMAN engineer is said to have made an important improvement in aeronautics by which it is enabled at will to expand or condense the gas in a balloon. The gas he prefers is compressed carbonic acid, and he so employs it that he is able to make the balloon ascend or descend at pleasure, and hopes thus to direct the course in any desired direction by placing the balloon under the influence of a favorable current wherever it may be situated in the atmosphere.

EXPERIMENTS conducted on the Edison Electric glow lamps by Mr. W. H. Preece, of the Royal Society, London, go to show that, when once the blue effect is produced in the globe, destruction of the lamp is only a question of time. Hence the blue effect is an indication of disintegration and a very useful warning of danger ahead. Whenever the incandescence of the filament is raised beyond a certain limit, the interior of the glass envelope is blackened by a layer of carbon which has been deposited by a Crookes bombardment effect.

PROFESSOR THEODORE VON OPPOLZER, in a note, writes: "The words midnight and noon have a purely local character, like the words evening and morning. At a given instant it can be 0 hours on the whole earth if we have agreed to designate this given instant everywhere with this number, but there can be midnight only under one meridian at the absolute instant, so the words midnight and noon are to be avoided when speaking of universal time." He thinks that astronomers are more inclined to over than to under estimate the trouble of a transition period.

PROFESSOR RIATTI has constructed a thermoelectric cell based upon the principle that the production of electricity is due to the difference of temperature in the two parts of a single fluid. The cell consists of a receptacle of wood or porcelain, traversed by two tubes of copper, with wires at a certain distance between them. By one of the tubes, a jet of steam is passed; and by the other, cold water. The outer jar contains a solution of sulphate of copper. When the circuit is made, the copper of one of the tubes is dissolved and deposited in the other. This cell is said to be constant and not liable to polarization.

"LA FLORE DES BILLETS DE BANQUE" is the title of a recent article in *Science et Nature*, an article which, in spite of an amusing tendency inseparable from all thingsavoring of sensational science, may suggest thoughts more or less alarming in view of recent discoveries in bacteriology. It is a new fact that books, coins and other articles of a durable nature which pass much from hand to hand, may be the means of transmitting infectious diseases; and if these infectious diseases are caused by visible and tangible agents, it is not going far to expect that the agents should be discoverable on the transmitting media by means of the microscope, and by other methods employed by the specialists who devote themselves to tracing the awful bacterium to its home.

In a recent paper, Dr. Bonwill attributes the effect of rapid breathing as an anesthetic to the influence of the surplus of oxygen, which is thus forced upon the lungs, just as by the inhalation of nitrous oxide—the latter being composed of the same elements as common air, but with a larger proportion of oxygen—and mentions a large variety of cases where rapid breathing produced all the essential effects of a chemical pain obtundant, without appreciably diminishing the consciousness of the patient. One of the most marked proofs of its efficacy cited is the case of a boy of eleven years of age, for whom the upper and lower first permanent molars on both sides were extracted. He breathed rapidly for nearly a minute, when all four of the teeth were removed, in about twenty seconds; the patient declared that he had not the slightest pain.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

MAY 23d—In Clinton, N. Y., Professor Owen Root, senior member of the Faculty of Hamilton College, aged 83 years; in Paris, Theodore Ballu, the celebrated French architect. May 24th—In Freehold, N. J., ex-Judge Chilton Robbins, aged 42 years. May 25th—In New York, James M. Fuller, one of the oldest members of the Stock Exchange, aged 61 years; in Paris, Charles Amouroux, the well known French Communist, aged 42 years; in Chicago, John W. Potter, a Democratic leader in Northern Illinois. May 26th—In Norwalk, Conn., Samuel E. Olmstead, President of the New York and Connecticut Air Line Railroad Company, aged 61 years. May 27th—In Brussels, Charles Rogier, the Belgian statesman, aged 85 years. May 28th—In New York, Judson Jarvis, well known for his philanthropic habits. May 29th—In Glenwood, N. Y., John Williamson, A. N. A., landscape-painter.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SUNSET Cox admits that the profit on his books has never been so great as to "seriously annoy" him.

The floral tribute sent by Lord Tennyson to be deposited upon the bier of Victor Hugo consisted of a wreath, inscribed, "To the world's greatest poet."

M. POLLINI, Director of the Stadt Theatre of Hamburg, has concluded a contract with Mme. Patti for the entire Winter of 1885-6, including tours throughout Europe.

EX-SENATOR THURMAN repeats his non-intention to run on the Democratic ticket for Governor of Ohio, giving as his reason that he cannot afford to do it at his time of life.

THE monument erected by the Sabbath-schools of Morris County, N. J., as a memorial to the late Congressman, John Hill, well known as "Honest John Hill," was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies on the afternoon of Decoration Day in the cemetery at Boonton.

"THE area of your country," said De Lesseps to Prince Orloff, "is almost exactly similar in extent to that of the moon." "The only difference," replied the Prince, "is that while the area of the moon is a fixed quantity, that of Russia is continually increasing."

THE reports of Mr. John Kelly's serious illness appear to lack foundation. He is merely suffering from the natural results of overwork, and at Clifton Springs he is now enjoying rest and other beneficial influences that bid fair speedily to restore his full measure of health.

J. E. CARPENTER, the English song-writer, whose death is announced from London, was the author of "What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" widely popular twenty-five years ago, and not without admirers now. It was founded on a chapter in Dickens's "Dombey and Son," and brought the writer considerable money.

SENATOR EDMUNDS sailed last week for London, having been summoned thither to testify on points in American law before the British House of Lords. It is reported that the dynamite resolution (introduced by Senator Edmunds), of sympathy with Great Britain, will be one of the subjects on which he will be interrogated.

M. AMOUROUX, the celebrated Parisian Communist, is dead at the age of forty-two. He was an ardent leader and eloquent advocate of the peculiar ideas of his school, and led a troubled and troublesome life. He was several times on trial for attacks on Government methods, and was finally transported to New Caledonia for life.

SOME curiosity has been manifested as to who will cook for President Cleveland and his family during the Summer—Fortin, President Arthur's French cook, having been removed. The New York *Herald* says that the new cook is an intelligent young Irishwoman. She has been employed about the White House since President Cleveland has been there, and came down from Albany with him. The name of the young woman is Katharine Keenan.

OLD acquaintances scarcely recognize Bret Harte in the gray, wrinkled, corpulent man he has become during his residence abroad. His hair is now as white as snow; he is of full habit, with a decided tendency to *enboupoint*. One of his sons, Francis B. Harte, named for his father, is an actor of promise. The other, an elder, is in business, and prefers its comparatively sure methods of success to the precarious ways of literature and the drama.

VICTOR HUGO was always convinced that he would meet all his friends in a future world. He was equally sure that he had always existed from the antediluvian times, when the Creator placed him on earth. He believed that he would exist for ever, inasmuch as he felt in his soul thousands of hymns, dramas and poems that had never found expression. When M. Viennet, a wag, asked Hugo one day who was the greatest poet of his time, he dryly answered: "Alfred de Musset is the second greatest poet."

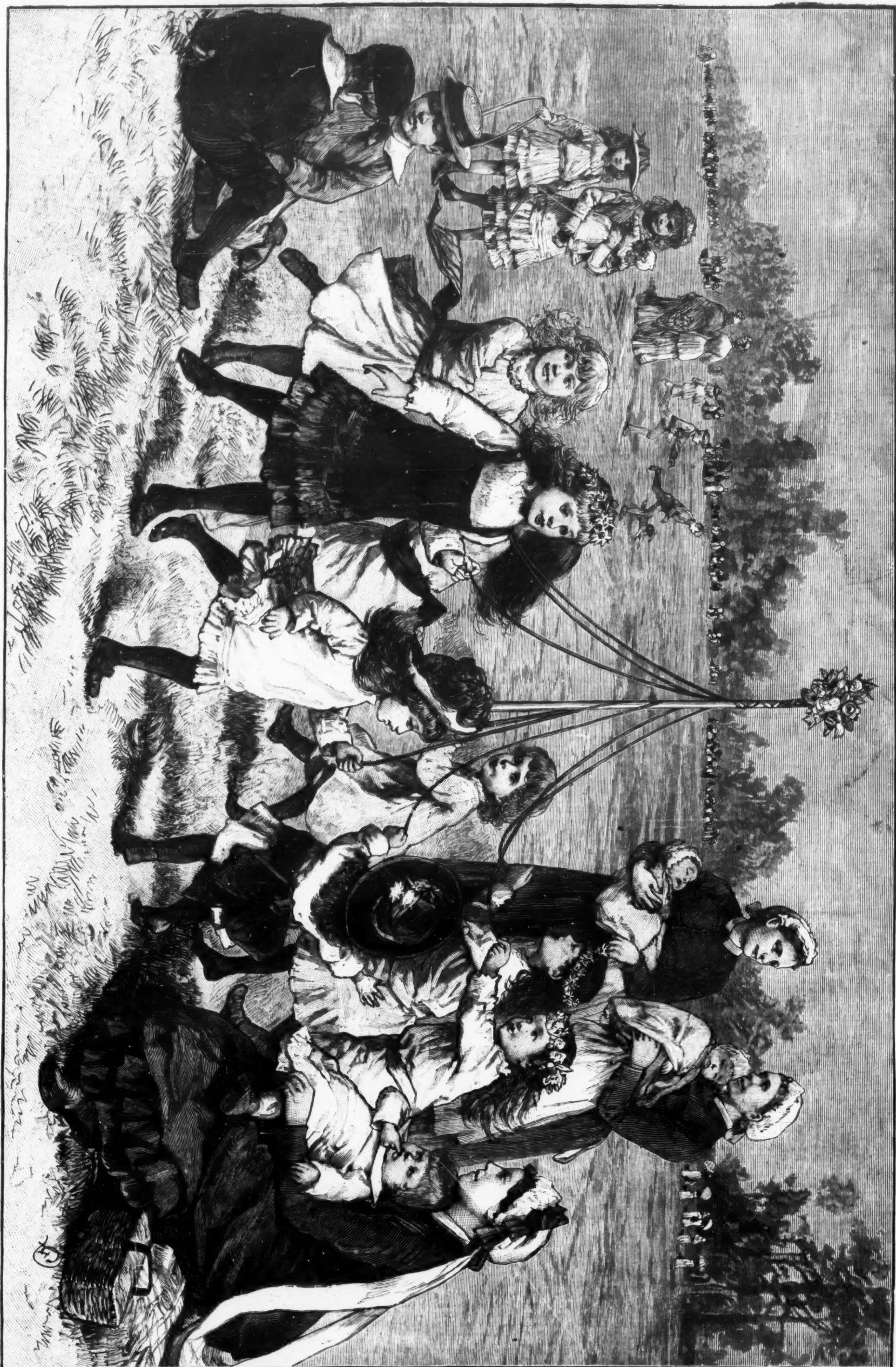
MR. F. X. LEMIEUX, a member of the Provincial Parliament, and Charles Fitzpatrick left Montreal last week to defend Louis Riel, leader of the Northwestern revolt, at his approaching trial at Regina. They state that they will demand a trial by a jury of his countrymen, under the criminal law and in the ordinary manner; and that Riel has a certainty of having his life saved if he is tried in this manner. Doubtless, if Riel's counsel can secure a desirable jury, such result would follow, but the legal authorities at Regina will scarcely favor their wishes in this respect.

MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL delivered an oration at Cambridge, England, on the 26th ultmo, at the unveiling of the bust of the poet Gray. He said it was probably the last occasion on which he would address an English audience, and he expressed his heartfelt gratitude for the kindness which had been shown him both in official and private life. He said he came to England as a stranger, but he leaves it with the feelings of a brother. The audience, which was most select, was deeply touched by Mr. Lowell's evident emotion, and loudly cheered him as he concluded his address.

"AN ex-staff officer" tells this story in the *Boston Traveler*: "Grant had no fear of responsibility, no fear of Secretary Stanton. In September, 1864, while at Harper's Ferry, returning from a visit to Sheridan, he learned that Wade Hampton had slipped in, in rear of the left flank of the Army of the Potomac, and carried off our entire beef herd, 2,600 head. When Secretary Stanton heard of the loss of the cattle, he wanted somebody's scalp, and telegraphed: 'Who is responsible for the loss of the cattle herd?' To which Grant replied: 'I am.' There was no 'hair raised' that time."

THE monument erected by the State of Pennsylvania to the memory of Governor Simon Snyder in Selin's Grove, Snyder County, was unveiled last week in the presence of both branches of the Legislature and a vast multitude from all parts of the State. Governor Snyder, who was a poor boy and a tanner by trade, served as Justice of

"Lo! what wrong was her life to thee, Death?"—ROSSETTI.
A MYSTERIOUS CASE AT THE NEW YORK MORGUE—THE CORONER SWEARING THE JURY.
SEE PAGE 259.



NEW YORK CITY.—A SCENE IN CENTRAL PARK—CHILDREN ENJOYING A MAY-POLE DANCE.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 259.



The Princess Ermenzarde;
or,
The Begum's Bracelet.

By M. T. CALDOR

CHAPTER III.

A STRETCHER was hastily improvised from a railway rug, two other men were found to assist in the moving, and Miss Poindexter was lifted from the ground tenderly and placed upon it. She made a brave effort to stand, but sank back fainting the moment her head was lifted.

As they were searching for the needed articles, Philip Laing perceived the small traveling-bag which poor Parsons had held so closely, lying crushed and nearly shapeless under a heavy board. Half mechanically, he dug it out from the *debris*, and, finding the handle intact, swung it upon his arm.

He pointed out the crest engraved on the silver plate to one of the bystanders, and promised a reward for all articles found in the vicinity with a similar mark.

The girl, who had stood watchfully following all their movements, said a few words to the man in an authoritative tone, calling him by name, and telling him where the recovered property was to be carried.

"Let me carry the bag," she said, in a gently persuasive tone. "You will be needed at the stretcher."

And, when the little group was ready to start, the little young form glided lightly across the field before them, leading the way to a very pretty, though unpretentious, cottage which nestled down beneath a great canopy of embowering linden-trees.

The girl swung open a little white gate, and held it open for them to pass through, then ran swiftly up the paved walk to meet a meek-faced woman in black, who came out, with a look of grave alarm upon her face.

"Auntie, dear, the rumor was true; only not half so dreadful as the reality! I have promised my bed to this injured lady. Where is Mrs. Smith?"

"Winifred, my dear child, how your absence has frightened me! An injured lady, did you say? Certainly, certainly! What can I do for her?"

"The doctor has come with her, and her friend. Oh! I must not stop to talk!" And the girl hurried swiftly into the house, swept away some light feminine litter from a snowily draped bed in a cool room, whose windows were screened within by whitest muslin and without by gracefully trailing vines. And then she threw open those windows still wider, opened the bed-clothes with swift, dexterous movements, and was at the threshold to receive them when the men appeared there.

"Ah! this is cool and comfortable!" exclaimed the doctor, in a voice of satisfaction. "This will be very restful. We are fortunate to have taken the offer promptly. No one else must be admitted."

"There are other houses but a little further away," rejoined the girl, with a look of indignation on her face, "else surely we could not promise to exclude any one who needed help."

"Which is a fortunate circumstance for all parties," said the doctor, dryly. "Now, then, my men, lower her carefully."

The stirless figure was dropped easily to the couch, where she lay without a movement; the eyes closed, the noble features pallid and rigid.

The young girl had flown to a closet, and was back again in a moment with a flask of cologne, which she poured freely upon a snowy cambric handkerchief, and then passed lightly across the chilly forehead. Her slender fingers left cool, light touches upon the forehead, and then gathered the listless hands, and chafed them vigorously.

The doctor was cautiously examining the patient's limbs, and spine, while this was being done. He gave a nod of satisfaction as he finished.

"If there is any serious trouble, it will be purely from a nervous shock, or a concussion of the brain," he said to Philip, in a low voice. "But, if she can rest quietly to-night, I shall apprehend no serious disturbance of any kind."

The woman in black had come timidly into the room as he said this.

"We will do everything in our power," she said. "You will give us orders, and we will follow them explicitly. There is help enough. Mrs. Smith is strong and capable; my niece, though inexperienced, has tact and eagerness to serve. And I, myself, though an invalid, may be of some service. We will do our best for the poor lady."

"She will not lack for service," said the doctor, rather pomposly. "I shall not leave her to-night, and without doubt her own servants will be sent promptly to our relief. This is Miss Poindexter, the mistress of Cedarswold."

The physician was so rapt up in his own proceedings that he gave no attention elsewhere.

Therefore, he saw nothing of the dismay which fell upon the meek face of the lady in black, when he announced the patient's name.

She gave a wild start, cast a swift, scrutinizing glance at the marble face on the pillow, and then began a hasty retreat to the door.

When she had retreated over its threshold, she clasped her two thin hands together fiercely, and cried out, under her breath:

"Miss Poindexter! Good heavens! what shall I do?—oh! what shall I do? Will she know me? And what course am I to take if she should die here?"

Some great agitation must have overmastered the woman, for she could scarcely creep away to the sitting-room, and when there, she fell into the high-backed rocking-chair, trembling in every limb.

For more than an hour she sat there, rocking to

and fro like one dazed and bewildered by fear, or overpowered by sharp grief.

When she rose up, she tottered to the door, crept slowly out into the garden, and dropped heavily again into the seat under the trees.

"What is to be, will be," she said, at length, slowly and solemnly. "I won't try to shape events myself, but will let the turn of things be my guide. Mrs. Smith can take my place well enough. I will keep out of sight. But Winifred may stay. Who knows but this is the Lord's way?"

Meantime, within, the patient had revived under the girl Winifred's gentle care.

The great, solemn eyes unclosed, and gazed wonderingly into the soft gray orbs that were so full of tenderest passion for her.

"Are you better? Do you like me to stroke your forehead so, or shall I stop?" asked the sweet young voice.

"You are a gentle nurse. Yes, I like it," was the faintly-voiced response.

And Winifred smiled gladly and continued her ministrations.

Philip and the doctor were standing watchfully on one side, but neither interrupted.

"I am glad you like it. I wish it might give you some of my strength," continued the sweet-voiced nurse.

"Why am I so weak—I can scarcely raise my hand?" asked Miss Poindexter, wistfully.

"That will pass presently. You must have something to refresh you, and then you must sleep. You will waken to your old feelings, I hope."

Where is the doctor and Marion's son? He promised not to leave me."

"I am here," responded Philip, stepping promptly into view.

"You promised not to leave me. My head is very light and strange. I hear the dreadful rush of the train all the time—all the time. And Parsons stands looking reproachfully into my face. I am afraid my brain is giving way. What does the doctor say?"

"That you will be quite yourself, Miss Poindexter, to-morrow, if you can only have a good night's rest before it," answered the doctor, coming to her side.

"I will try—I will try my best," she answered, meekly.

He put his fingers to her pulse again, watched her a few moments carefully, and then prepared a powder.

Mrs. Smith, by this time, had returned from the scene of disaster, and been made acquainted with the intrusion into her quiet house.

"It is more your affair than mine, Miss Darke," she said to her lodger, who met her in the garden.

"You had the house engaged against other lodgers; but, if you're willing, of course I take it very kind of you. They tell me it is a grand lady, with oceans of money at her command. I'm not likely to lose anything by this. But, oh, what a dreadful sight it is down there by the 'Blue Bell,' where the bodies are laid out! The inn is full of injured people, too, though the train carried off a good many. It's likely to be a wakeful night in this place, I can tell you."

Poor Mrs. Darke was very certain that that was her own programme, but she did not speak the conviction for Mrs. Smith's benefit.

Mrs. Smith bustled about in the kitchen helping her one maid-of-all-work until after supper was served to the unexpected influx of guests, then took her place in the sick-room, where the patient had fallen under the influence of a narcotic, and was breathing long and heavily in a profound slumber.

It was about this time that the long strain upon Philip's nervous strength gave notice of its weakening power.

The doctor had been arranging with Mrs. Smith that Winifred should relieve her at such an hour, when the girl suddenly uttered a cry of consternation and sprang towards Philip.

He had turned deadly pale, and was just falling backward as she drew attention towards him.

"Another patient! Well, it was stupid in me not to know that this would come after all he has gone through—the jarring and bruising, with the mental strain. But he was so brave and plucky, he fairly compelled me to forget his share in the danger," cried the doctor, as he loosened the necktie, and dropped a cordial between the young man's numb lips. "Another bed for him, Mrs. Smith, and he mustn't leave it till morning."

Which command Philip was only too thankful to obey. For, upon removing his coat, they found black bruises upon one shoulder. And a painful contusion of the knee was next discovered.

"You will scarcely be so lively to-morrow, young man. Sleep your soundest that you may be ready for it," was the doctor's jesting good-night.

Philip certainly obeyed the injunction. Although he was disturbed by feverish dreams, the natural consequence of his day's experience, yet he slept unbrokenly until the warm sunlight, streaming in through the narrow cottage window, reached his very pillow.

He started up guiltily, as remembrance came back to him.

What had been the night's experience in the room below? All was still within the house, and but for the mad caroling of the birds in the long branches of the trees which overhung the roof, it was also profoundly quiet outside. He rose as hastily as the stiffened knee allowed, and made grateful acquaintance with the great ewer of cool water made ready for his use.

Leaning out of the window a moment to inhale the sweet, pure air which came to him laden with the scent of flowers still bathed in dew, he perceived coming slowly down the high road in the distance, a carriage, which was evidently too fine in its appointments to belong to that humble neighborhood.

For more than an hour she sat there, rocking to

and fro like one dazed and bewildered by fear, or overpowered by sharp grief.

When she rose up, she tottered to the door, crept slowly out into the garden, and dropped heavily again into the seat under the trees.

"Mrs. Smith was just emerging from the sick-room as he reached the door.

"Ah! I hope you can give me a good report of the patient," he said, eagerly.

"A quiet night, and she is comfortable this morning. The doctor has just gone in."

"Were you with her through the night?"

"A good portion. Miss Winifred staid until the lady was well asleep, though. It is curious how she took to Miss Winifred. She went to sleep holding her hand. And she asked for her the first thing this morning. Go in to have your breakfast in that room over there. Mrs. Darke is there, and the young lady, too. The maid will attend to you."

"I am afraid we have put your quiet house into a great deal of confusion," said Philip, apologetically.

"Oh, no. We won't mind it, neither Mrs. Darke nor I, though it's more her kindness than mine," she answered, and went away upon her errand.

Philip found the timid-looking woman in black sitting at the table, and repeated the same remark, while she was pouring his coffee for him.

"Oh," she answered, nervously, "it is Mrs. Smith's affair, and she doesn't seem to mind. Let the sick lady know it is Mrs. Smith who is the hostess, please, if she asks about it."

"She tells me that Miss Poindexter has taken a great predilection for your niece. That is very natural. The young lady showed great sweetness of disposition and remarkable efficiency."

"She is not my niece," answered Mrs. Darke, and abruptly changed the subject by inquiring his preferences in regard to toast or muffins.

The young lady was not visible at the table, but when he went out, under the trees, he found her there sitting upon the garden bench, with hands idly clasped in her lap, and soft gray eyes fixed wistfully upon the cloudless blue of the sky.

She smiled with a fearless unconsciousness that was extremely refreshing to Philip Laing, after a somewhat prolonged acquaintance with the artificial graces of the conscious belles of the foreign watering-places and his own native metropolis.

"I am pleased to find you able to be out in this delicious morning air after your prolonged vigil," he said.

"And the doctor will be happily disappointed that you are not to be another patient on his hands."

"I was ashamed to leave the trying night-watching to others. But I discovered, all at once, that I was quite done up," he replied.

"And no wonder. Yours was an almost miraculous escape. I have heard a full report this morning, and it is very sad. Only three of the occupants of those foremost coaches escaped alive."

Miss Poindexter's maid was the only one fatally injured in our coach. I think hers was an instantaneous death. She undoubtedly saved her mistress. And she had only just taken that position. What trivial movements may decide momentous issues!"

"I think the lady dwells upon it too much. She said it so many times last night: 'To give her life for mine—for mine!' And there was such a dreary pathos in her voice!" observed the girl, musingly. Then, in a moment, she looked up into Philip's face, and said, ingenuously: "You are the Philip whose name she spoke so many times! Did she mean you, also, when she would cry out so plaintively, 'Marion's son, do not doubt me; do not let her siren ways poison your mind against me?'"

"Did she say that?" asked Philip, wonderingly. "Yes, I think she meant me; but there might have been delirium in her talk, you know."

"I do not think she could control herself, nor quite command her full reason, yet I am sure there was method in it all. I know nothing, of course; but were I you, I should believe her. I would never doubt her. I was thinking, all night, what a grand, heroic soul hers must be! I seem to have had the tiniest glimpse into the strongest, noblest nature I have ever dreamed about."

"You are enthusiastic," answered Philip; "yet I believe I was myself attracted in the same way. Our meeting was very odd, and this catastrophe has deepened an uncanny impression that Fate had arranged it all for me, so that I could not escape it. That it was meant that she should come into my life."

"And would you escape that?" asked the girl, turning her wide eyes upon him in reproach.

He hesitated a moment ere he replied:

"I can't be sure. I confess to you that I thought her very hard and cruel at one time."

"That is what she meant, then!" exclaimed the girl, eagerly. "Ah! you grieved her to the heart by the thought. She read it in your looks, and all through her sufferings, last night, it was rankling in her mind and stabbing her. Oh, how sorry you should be!"

"I will be, if you tell me so," answered Philip, with a smile.

And he was thinking more of the innocent grace and beauty of the young speaker than of Miss Poindexter while he said it.

"Let her see it to-day. Let her know that the distrust has left you," pleaded the girl, eagerly.

"What a devoted advocate she has found! She has certainly cast a spell upon you," he returned, playfully.

But the girl would not jest upon the subject.

"I think she has," she said, slowly and thoughtfully. "I am strangely drawn to her. I told you that my watch beside her, last night, gave me a glimpse into a great and noble character. All my love and sympathy seem drawn out to her. I feel sure that she suffers, and hides it with Spartan fortitude. You could not shake my belief in her goodness if you tried."

She rose up before him as she said it; the slim,

girlish figure straightened proudly, the soft gray eyes flashing defiantly. And again came over him that baffling consciousness of a strong likeness to some one he had known before. But it was tantalizing and evanescent, and do his best he could not grasp the clew.

"I am sure she must reciprocate this sudden affection. She ought, indeed; to be deeply in love with you," answered Philip. "I think she could not fail to notice the difference between the nurses last night."

"Well, that is the strangest part of it. I have told no one else—not even my aunt," said Winifred.

"Is Mrs. Darke your aunt?" spoke up Philip, quickly, mindful of what that woman of negotiations had said to him so short a time before. "At first, you know, I thought she was your mother."

"My mother!" exclaimed the girl, in a voice thrilled through and through with a bitter longing. "Oh, no—no! I am that unhappy girl who has no memory of a mother even. Oh! why does Heaven allow it—that a mother should die out of the earth and her babe be left alone without her? How I have marvelled at those happy girls with their mothers living! That ever they could allow any other sorrow to alarm or distress them!"

There was too poignant grief in the impassioned tone for him to allow it to pass unsoothed.

"At least you can be thankful for an angel in heaven to watch over and guide you," he said, gently. "I can imagine no more bitter trial than for a child to blush for a living mother's derelictions and follies. You are spared that. Ah, me! much as I grieve for my own dear mother, there are many, many times when I thank Heaven that she is safe folded away from the sorrows and trials of this unkind world."

She looked at him gravely.

"And you, too, must look only into heaven for a mother's love? Ah, me! I think that is the keenest loss our hearts can mourn!"

"You were to tell me something about Miss Poindexter's talk with you," he said, presently, while she stood with clasped hands and dreaming

The patient was lying quietly, resting after the refreshment, the remains of which were on the tray which Mrs. Smith was just carrying away. Her eyes turned intelligently upon them.

"I hope I find you greatly improved, my dear Miss Pindexter," said Philip, cheerily.

"You are very kind. I think so. But I am much humiliated to find myself so shattered without any positive injury," she answered, promptly.

"They told me you were not entirely free from bruises. I am thankful that you are up and about. Tell me what you have done. Did you telegraph to London or to Cedarswold?"

"To both. The railway agent advised it, to relieve anxiety and suspense."

She sighed softly.

"Well, there is no harm. The papers, I suppose, will scatter the story broadcast. Send a message again to say that I need no one, that I am improving fast. I think I should like a few days of quiet here. Ah! child, then you are not a dream-maiden? Kiss me good-morning, dear."

Winifred Darke came forward pleased and proud at the remembrance, and at the gentle tenderness of the tone.

At that moment the sound of approaching steps was heard in the vestibule, and the doctor's voice, alternating with another which had a peculiar, dry sound, interrupted by a frequent short and asthmatic cough.

Miss Pindexter gave a swift glance of mingled horror and loathing, and cried out, imploringly:

"The door, Philip—lock the door! He shall not come in here! I will not see him!"

Though utterly amazed at this sudden outburst, Philip obeyed promptly. There was a small brass bolt fastened to the door, and he slipped it into its socket.

Then he came back to the bedside, where sat a fierce, stern woman, instead of the mild and gentle invalid who had called Winifred to kiss her.

Her face had grown ghastly pale. Already a black line seemed to ridge the great, dilated eyes. A heavy frown knit together the full brows, the lips were set grimly.

"You know who has come?" asked Philip.

"Ay, I know—I know," she answered, fiercely. "He has no right yet. I am still alive. Philip, Philip, again I appeal to you. While there is breath in this body of mine, that man must not take command. I delegate all care to you. Bring me pen and paper. You must have legal proof of your office. The office which I have intrusted to you. He will defy you, except for that. I am unfit to meet him now. I must have rest—rest—to gain strength, to gather up my forces before I can meet him."

"No one shall intrude here against your wishes," said Philip, soothingly. "Do not be alarmed. Indeed, there is no cause."

She smiled fiercely.

"So little you know about it. I tell you there must be a legal barrier. Bring me pen and paper. I will write, giving you the sole care of me during my illness, for I cannot trust myself. This terrible shock has all unnerved me, and I may be seriously ill. Perhaps he is coming to insure it. Keep him away—keep him away! If I die there is no help. He can take charge then. He can bury me from Cedarswold, and be its master!"

The rapidity of the words, the higher key of the voice, betrayed that her excitement was increasing.

Winifred Darke exchanged piteous glances with Philip, and then hurried to find a writing-tray in one of the drawers of the bureau. She brought it silently, and supported the trembling figure while the patient dashed off a few brief lines, and signed them with the bold signature of Ermenarde Pindexter.

"Take it and show it! He will only be satisfied by that. Bolt the door behind him, my child."

The doctor was knocking impatiently at the door while this was transpiring.

Scarcely knowing if he were playing a part in a farce or a tragedy, Philip Laing opened the door just far enough to admit of his egress, and closed it again behind him. He waited until he heard the bolt slip back into the socket before he took another step.

"In the name of common sense, Laing, why have you locked that door?" demanded the doctor, impatiently.

"It was in the name of Miss Pindexter," retorted Philip, good-humoredly.

"Here is a gentleman who has come to take charge of Miss Pindexter. He wishes to see her."

"But she will see no one," answered the young man, composedly, while he glanced with no small curiosity at the singular individual who stood there behind the physician. "And here is a paper which gives the command and management of her illness into my hands."

(To be continued.)

A MYSTERIOUS CASE."

"A YOUNG Girl's Tragedy," "A Mystery of the Morgue," "No Clew to her Identity,"—how painfully familiar are these and similar phrases, as headlines in the daily newspapers! What despair is epitomized in the brief and oft-used words! Coming to the reader in the peace of a happy home, or where the echoes of a busy, cheerful day fall pleasantly on the ear, they bring the fearful thought that the cold slab at the Morgue is seldom without an occupant.

Without going back even a month, it would be easy to specify more than one "mysterious case" which might have inspired the mournful picture reproduced on another page. The sweetness and gladness of Summer only heightens the awe of such a scene. Walking eastward through Twenty-sixth Street, New York city, one comes first to the green oasis of Madison Square, with its fresh turf, shimmering trees, flowers and fountains, and groups of merry children playing in the bright sunshine. Alas, for the contrasts of life! Only a little further on, at the end of the same street, is that awful station-house of death—the Morgue! Not a ray of sentiment here! Not a flower for the

clenched hands of the dead! Nothing to soften the chill, to relieve the intolerable sinking feeling which oppresses the soul! The coroner and his jury, in a business-like manner, view the body and return a verdict. "The rest is silence." A few curious sight-seers come, some pitying, some indifferent, some heartless. The Scribes are here, so are the Pharisees.

There is a terrible significance in the number of anxious and bereaved fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters who at times hasten to the Morgue, when a dead body is exposed for identification. Often one of these persons will think to recognize his or her particular lost one, and only be deceived by some poor relic of wearing-apparel hanging beside the dripping stones! So it was in the case of the unfortunate Miss Bedient, who, only a fortnight ago, left her country home, came to the city, died by her own hand in a dreary hotel chamber, and was brought to the Morgue, where the final identification by her father was even more heartrending than the mystery which for a time enshrouded her fate. Numerous as are the "mysterious cases" of which we hear, it seems there are others that we know not of, and whose seals of silence are never to be broken by human agency.

ANNIVERSARY DAY IN BROOKLYN.

ANNUALLY, on the 27th of May, an army of fifty or sixty thousand Sunday-school children sweeps down upon Prospect Park and the principal avenues of Brooklyn, taking those leafy places by storm, and beautifying them with banners, holiday dresses, and bright faces. This was what happened last Wednesday, the fifty-sixth anniversary of the Brooklyn Sunday-school Union. The bells on the City Hall and all the churches were rung at eleven A. M., as signal for the children to get ready. The little ones then flocked to their respective churches, where the devotional services of the day were held. About three o'clock in the afternoon the grand parade began, over the various routes in the different sections of the city. No less than sixty thousand young people turned out. These were organized into the Prospect Park, Eastern, Carroll Park, Heights, New York Avenue, Bedford, Tompkins Park and Clinton Avenue divisions. The Prospect Park division, which paraded on the meadows in Prospect Park, consisted of twenty-four schools, aggregating twelve thousand teachers and pupils. All the divisions were reviewed by prominent citizens. The Mayor, the President of the Sunday-school Union and pastors of churches occupied the stand at Prospect Park. Our artist has depicted, on page 249, the brilliant spectacle presented in the park as the army of children marched over the route assigned them.

A MAY-POLE DANCE IN CENTRAL PARK.

IN New York, as in the old York of England, the May-poles bourgeon out on the 1st of May; but their season appears to be more extended in this climate. As long as May weather lasts—and that is sometimes quite into June—their gay garlands and streamers are seen waving in Central Park; and at the end of each streamer is a laughing, dancing child. On the great common, or under the fir-trees to the east of the Mall, or in half-a-dozen dells of that delightful wilderness at the upper end of the Park, may be found "reservations" devoted to these May-pole gambols, where the dreaded policeman never intrudes, save to hover protectively about the place, with a benevolent grin on his sunburnt countenance. The carryings-on of the little folks on the green lawns, and their processions thereto and homeward, form one of the prettiest of the spring-time sights of the Park.

AN ACTOR'S MAKE-UP.

A CARICATURE often gives a better idea of the appearance and characteristics of a man than a faithful photograph, and people who have seen both Irving and Dixey frequently remark that their remembrance of the stage appearance and peculiar artistic methods of the Englishman has been emphasized by Dixey's imitations. The voice and manner of the London actor are so pronounced that they are not extremely difficult to imitate recognizably, but Dixey presents such a faithful travesty of his personal appearance that wonder is aroused to know how he does it.

A gentleman who saw Dixey make up for Irving thus describes the process:

Dixey possesses an oval face, which is remarkably smooth and free from lines. Divesting himself of all his upper clothing but his knit undershirt, he put on an old smoking-jacket, and then seated himself before a moderate-sized mirror. With a towel he rubbed all the powder off his face, and then he took a peculiarly prepared lump of putty, and with it built a false bridge on his nose that made it much more prominent. Next, he picked up a rabbit's foot, and dipping it in a paper of light, brownish-looking powder, he gave himself that bilious color that Irving has. When this was well rubbed in and blended with the skin, he took a cork, and, charring it in the gaslight, rubbed a little of its blackened surface on the middle of each cheek. This he spread and rubbed in with his fingers until it gave him a very haggard appearance. Then with a brush he drew a couple of dark lines, extending downward from the corners of his mouth, lighter ones from his nostrils and below the inside corners of his eyes, and a couple on each side of his throat. These were spread and widened by rubbing them downward with one finger. Grimacing in the glass, he observed their effect, and those at the mouth he intensified. Then he put on his wig, and the effect was extremely realistic, though I sat but a few feet from him.

"I had this wig made by an artist who studied Irving's head of hair. Do you know?" said he, "his hair is naturally as straight as mine, but he has his dresser curl it every morning." A little yellowish bear's-grease paint artistically hid the line of demarcation between wig and forehead. "Now," said Dixey, "I'll put on the finishing touch." With that he took another rabbit's foot, and with paler powder than the first used he covered his face and neck. Very little of the powder was used, and that little was well rubbed in. When he had finished, he handed me a photograph of Irving, as he did so, exclaiming, in the choicest Irvingese: "Look at this picture, then on this!"

I did so, and my admiration for the art of the balmesque was unbounded.

"But you have not looked at the photograph while making-up!" I exclaimed.

"I don't need to any more," he replied. "I have him down so fine that I can see him in my mind's eye all the time."

Just then he doffed his jacket and put on the rest of his Hamlet dress, and then lit a cigar and began smoking. It looked too comical to see Hamlet, and such a Hamlet, smoking a Reina Victoria. In a few moments he was called to go on the stage, and I left him. I assure you that he looks more like Irving when you are close to him than he does when on the stage.

BIRCH CANOES.

THE canoe has become so popular among sportsmen and tourists that the building of this light and graceful craft has grown to be an important industry in Maine, especially on the Penobscot River. Jack Darling, of Lowell, a famous hunter and guide, and an adept at building the birchen craft, says that when all the work of getting the materials from the woods and putting them together in proper shape is considered, \$35 is not a big price for a canoe. Time was when the big birch-trees were to be found near by, and clear, straight cedar was at hand in plenty, so that the materials for a canoe were easily obtained. Nowadays the birches are from fifty to one hundred miles from the up-river towns, and two suitable trees are seldom found within sight of each other, while the cedar is also distant.

All bark for canoes comes from the white birch's outer coating, the inner side of which in Winter has a reddish-brown coat, while in the Summer it is smooth and yellow. The Winter bark is preferred because it is tougher, and because of the opportunity afforded by its brown coat for tracing various designs with a knife. The canoe builder fells a white birch, which is at least one foot in diameter eighteen feet from the butt, allowing it to fall across some small logs to keep it from the ground, and then strips off the outer bark. The bark is hard to handle, curling up in eccentric coils, and must be warmed or toasted over a fire before it can be straightened out and rolled up properly. The bark and a lot of clear, straight cedar are carried from the woods to the building-yard in canoes or boats. At the yard, stakes are driven into the ground in the shape of a canoe, and the bark, after more toasting, is fitted to this frame. Next the gunwales, strips of spruce and cedar, are shaved out and fastened to the top side of the bark with copper nails. Then the whole inside of the bark is lined with lengthwise strips of cedar, and over these about fifty transverse timbers of the same material are sprung in, their ends being secured under the gunwales. All cuts made in bringing the bark to the required shape are sewed up with strips of cane and gummed over with a mixture of oil and rosin. Ash thwarts, very narrow, are fitted, and strips of tough canvas are glued over the lap of the bark at each sharp end, and the canoe is done. With two smoothly shaved, wide-bladed paddles of poplar, maple, or ash, she is ready for service.

If the canoe is intended for deep water, where there is a sea, she is fashioned deep; if for small lakes and trout streams, she is shallow. Nearly every Indian tribe has a model of its own, and the white men use entirely different forms. A good canoe of the ordinary length—eighteen feet—will carry four men safely if properly managed. The only tools used by white man or Indian in making the graceful birch are a knife with curved blade, an awl, a drawshave and a hammer. The Indian has often only the knife. The red man is not so neat a builder as many white men are, but he navigates a canoe with greater skill. It comes natural to the Indian—even a fat squaw paddles with dexterity.

About ten years ago canvas was introduced as a substitute for bark for covering canoes, and many cloth canoes have been built. The duck craft is covered with a thick coat of paint to make it watertight, and is lighter, while fully as cheap as birch, but not so symmetrical. Birch will never be displaced by canvas, for it bends in prettier forms.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

MR. WILLIAM T. BRANNET states that in the United States there are eighty-two factories engaged in the manufacture of glue, and that they employ altogether about 2,000 hands. The value of the product is above \$5,000,000 a year.

THE statue of Garfield, contributed by the State of Ohio to the Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington, represents the martyred President standing with his right hand crossed against his breast, and his left hand resting upon a dwarfed desk or lectern covered with books. The pedestal presents more detail than is noticeable in the other pedestals in the hall, and a prominent feature of it will be bronze representations of a wreath and branches of palm. These will be placed diagonally across the pedestal.

THE annual meeting of the trustees of the John F. Slater Fund, for the education of negroes in the South, was held in New York city, last week. The trustees report that the income of the fund is about \$60,000, and this is appropriated not to the foundation of new schools, but to the assistance of such establishments already in existence as are thought most worthy of aid. Instruction in handicraft must be given in every institution aided by the Slater Fund. All, or nearly all, the schools so aided are to a greater or less extent normal schools, training their students to be teachers of the simple elementary branches among the negroes. This policy will be continued during the coming year.

THE lowest estimated cost of running a first-class baseball club is, as nearly as can be estimated, about \$65,000 a year. The salary list of the clubs vary somewhat, but a representative nine, such as the team of New York, Providence, Boston or Chicago, average between \$35,000 and \$40,000 annually. The average salary paid to individual players is between \$1,500 and \$3,500. Some of the men, however, receive more than this. In addition to this extraordinary salary list, the expenses of the players while they are traveling is fully covered by the club, as the men are only taxed fifty cents a day. This includes first-class board and other hotel accommodations, as well as various expenses on the road. The expenses for traveling annually foot up to about \$10,000, and the number of miles covered by each club is about 7,500. The next large item on the expense list is the renting of suitable grounds. As many of the clubs have this year been compelled to find new quarters, the expense of fitting them up with grand stands and other requirements will somewhat increase the bills. The renting, however, of grounds amounts to about \$10,000 a year. In addition to this, the services of the gatemen, ushers, ticket-takers and other attendants amount to \$3,000. Advertising and various other items will bring the total for the club fully up to \$65,000, the amount stated, if not more.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SOME five hundred members of Rev. Dr. Talmage's Brooklyn Church will make an excursion to Niagara Falls during the present month.

THE big Indian Chief, Poundmaker, with others who were engaged in the recent uprising in Northwestern Canada, has surrendered to General Middleton.

THE Episcopal Convention of the Diocese of Illinois, last week, rejected a proposed amendment to the canons, giving women a right to vote at the election of church officers.

MILLIONS of young grasshoppers are reported coming out of the sandy soil near Pueblo, Col., devouring early vegetables and tender shrubs. Their appearance is said to be similar to that of 1872.

THIRTY of the most prominent newspaper men of Mexico will visit the principal cities of the United States during the present month. In some of the Western cities they will be received with great éclat.

FOUR hundred Mormon immigrants, bound for Utah, arrived at this port last week. They were from Switzerland, Germany, Ireland, Scotland and England, and it has taken about eighteen months to recruit them.

THERE are under the care of the Presbyterian Board in the South 198 colored churches, with 11,372 communicants, and 194 Sabbath-schools, with 13,439 scholars. During the last year 1,698 members have been added to these churches.

THE number of people who have crossed the Brooklyn Bridge in the two years since it was opened has been 26,009,925, and the number of vehicles 1,287,211. The total earnings amount to \$950,474.46. In the first year 6,179,300 persons crossed the promenade, and 5,354,140 were carried in the cars. Last year the number of foot passengers was 3,586,837, and the car passengers numbered 10,919,748.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL GARLAND has given an opinion on the eligibility of Indians as Postmasters in the Indian Territory. He holds that citizenship is not an essential qualification of a postmaster in that Territory, but that the relations of an Indian to the General Government are such that he cannot take the oath of office or execute a bond which could be enforced by any existing legal machinery.

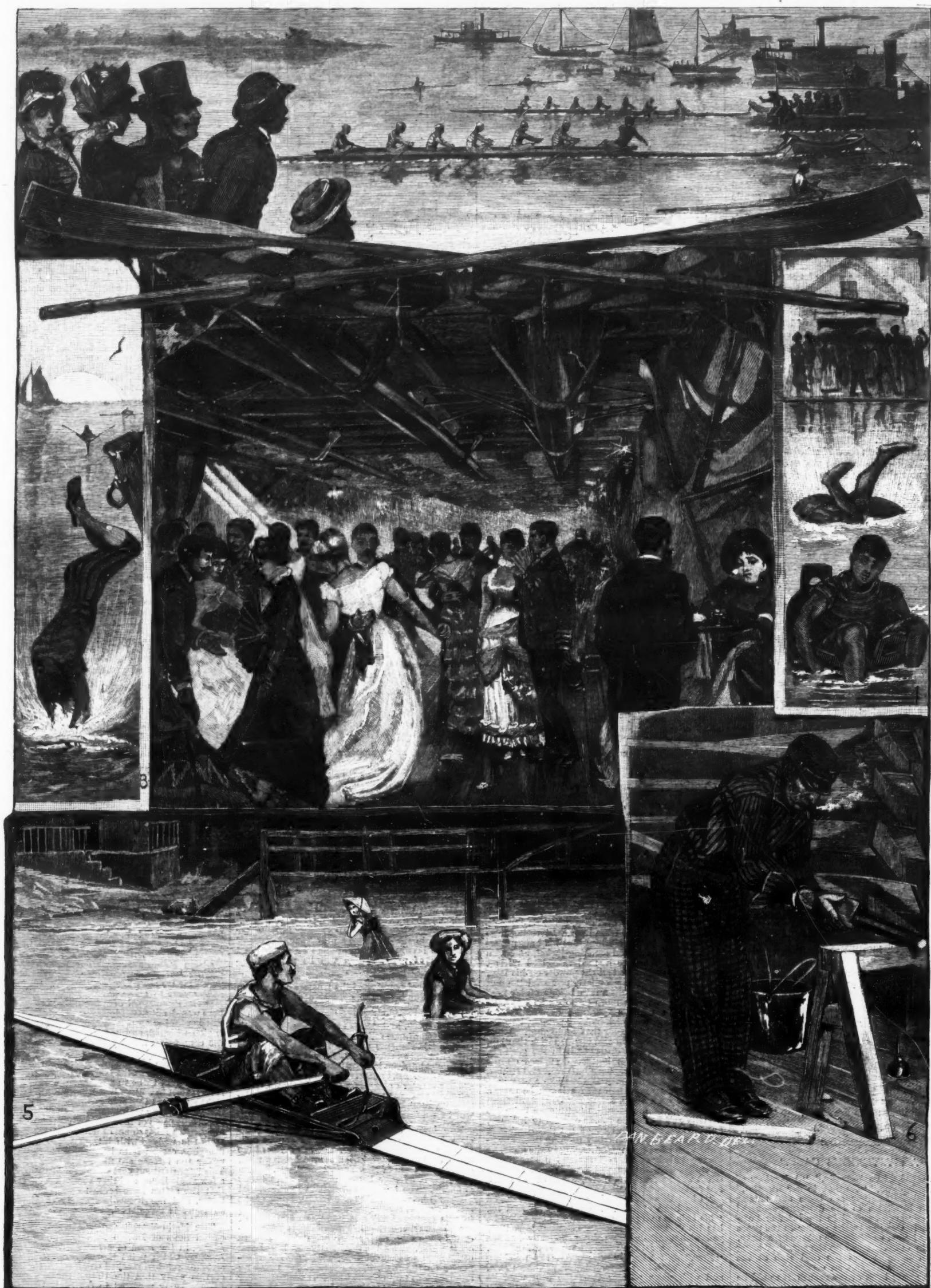
E. E. WATSON, E. J. Sawyer, E. C. C. Washington and Johnson C. Whittaker, all young negro men, appeared before the Supreme Court of South Carolina last week, and, after undergoing a rigid examination, in which they acquitted themselves in a highly creditable manner, were duly sworn and enrolled as attorneys and counsellors in all the courts of the State. Whittaker is the cadet of West Point notoriety.

EXPERIMENTS having been made on prisoners who volunteered for the purpose, the Mexican Government, it is stated, has permitted the inoculation of the garrison at Vera Cruz with yellow fever virus. If these experiments are successful, they will open a rather wide door, and we may expect to see inoculation practiced as a preventive of many difficult diseases which have hitherto baffled the medical profession.

THE Whitsuntide campaign of oratory by the Parnellites is now in full tide. Mass meetings are held every day in various portions of Ireland, but principally in Ulster, and every Home Rule Member of Parliament is on the stump. Their speeches confirm the belief that they will oppose, tooth and nail, the revival of the Irish Crimes Act. They also declare their intention of opposing the Irish Land Purchase Bill unless it is radically amended.

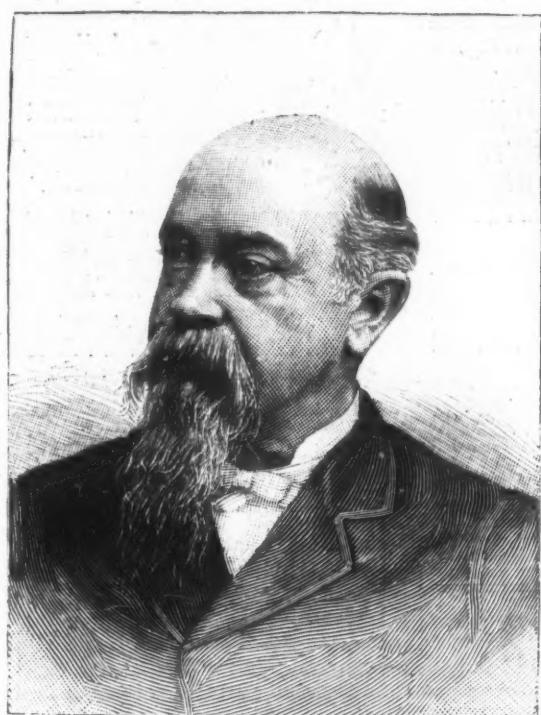
THERE are in the United States about 300 clerical wheelmen, including twelve doctors of divinity, ten theological professors, some twelve authors, several editors, and many pastors of prominent churches. About forty or fifty of these gentlemen are to unite in a tour of three weeks in Canada, wheeling over 621 miles of the best roads on this continent. The arrangements have been under the supervision of the Rev. Sylvanus Stall, of Lancaster, Pa. The start is to be made at Niagara Falls, August 5th. A Western division, starting at Detroit, is to join the Eastern party at London.

THE members of the Theodore Thomas Concert Troupe had a rather rough experience, recently, in Kansas. At Coolidge, in that State, their special train was boarded by a band of cowboys, who, with drawn revolvers, made the musicians play and Madame Materna sing. The musicians began playing "Home, Sweet Home," but the cowboys yelled for "The Arkansas Traveler." Mr. Thomas gave orders to give what they wanted. Madame Materna complained of headache, but the cowboys would not listen to her excuse. Just as she was beginning to comply with their request, the engine whistled, and the cowboys jumped from the cars, firing a volley as the train moved off.



1. Opening Day. 2. Reception. 3. A Plunge after the Row. 4. Tub Race. 5. Flirting. 6. Burnishing Up.

THE OPENING OF THE RACING SEASON IN THE UNITED STATES.



HON. CHARLES L. SCOTT, U. S. MINISTER TO VENEZUELA.

HON. CHARLES L. SCOTT,
U. S. MINISTER TO
VENEZUELA.

MAJOR SCOTT, of Alabama, recently appointed as United States Minister to Venezuela, was born in Richmond, Va., January 23d, 1827. He is a son of Robert G. Scott, a famous Virginia advocate of a past generation, and at one time Minister to Brazil. Mr. Scott was educated at the old William and Mary College, graduating there; subsequently he studied law with his father, and was admitted to practice at the Richmond Bar. In 1849 he was taken with the California "fever," and doubled the Horn in that summer en route to the new El Dorado. He worked in the gold mines until 1851, when he resumed the practice of his profession in Sonora, Cal.

In 1856 Mr. Scott was elected a Representative to the Thirty-fifth Congress, and re-elected again to the Thirty-sixth Congress, as a Democrat, and served from December 7th, 1857, to March 3d, 1861. At the intimation of an "irrepressible conflict" between the Northern and Southern States, he went South, and was commissioned Major of the Fourth Alabama Infantry. In the first battle of Manassas he was severely wounded. Since the burial of the "Lost Cause," Major Scott has been practicing his profession in his adopted State, and with success. He is naturally a bright man, with engaging manners, and thoroughly well informed on public affairs, and will make an able representative of his Government at Caracas.

THE NEW MINISTER
TO THE
ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

HON. BAYLESS W. HANNA, recently appointed United States Minister to the Argentine Republic, is a gentleman of high ability and admitted purity of character, and will, undoubtedly, fill with credit the position to which he has been assigned. He was born in Troy, O., March 14th, 1830. He is of Irish descent, and the son of

James Hanna, the founder of Wabash College. He sprung from a brilliant and talented family, who have been conspicuous figures in the Middle and Western States of the Ohio Valley. Bayless Hanna was educated at the college founded by his father, graduating there in 1852. After leaving college he commenced the study of law with the Hon. Joseph E. McDonald, and Wilson & McDonald. His health failing, he went to Natchez, Miss., and finished his studies with Josiah Winchester. He was licensed to practice his profession in June, 1855. He then returned to Indiana, and was elected prosecuting attorney of Crawfordsville the following year, 1856. He held the office until November, 1857, when he removed to Terre Haute—his present home—and opened a law office. In 1858 he married a daughter of Judge Read, of the Supreme Bench of Ohio. In 1862 he was elected to the Lower House of the Indiana Legislature, in 1864 to the State Senate, and in 1870 he was elected Attorney-general of Indiana. He was a Delegate-at-large to the Baltimore Convention in 1872, and again to the St. Louis Convention, and was chairman of the Indiana delegation. For several years he has been the trusted attorney of the Indiana and St. Louis Railroad Company. Judge Hanna is one of Indiana's most popular citizens, and there can scarcely be a doubt that he will rise to still higher honors in the future.

Some weeks ago, when war seemed to be imminent between Russia and England, President Cleveland, upon the recommendation of Secretary Bayard, appointed Judge Hanna Minister to Persia, a very important post in the event of hostilities; but the war-cloud having rolled over, the President has transferred him to the more congenial post of the Argentine Republic, at his own request, on account of the delicate health of a member of his family.

THE BATTLEFIELD OF ANTIETAM.

THE notable observance of Memorial Day at Antietam, in which General McClellan was a conspicuous figure as the orator, gives a fresh and immediate interest to our pictures, on this page, of that famous battlefield. There are thousands of veterans scattered throughout the country to whom these pictures will recall the stubborn and desperate fighting of that ghastly field. Kindly Nature has smoothed now all the scars and rents made by shot and shell on that terrible day; but the story of its losses, of the

HON. BAYLESS W. HANNA, U. S. MINISTER TO THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.
PHOTO BY HANDY.

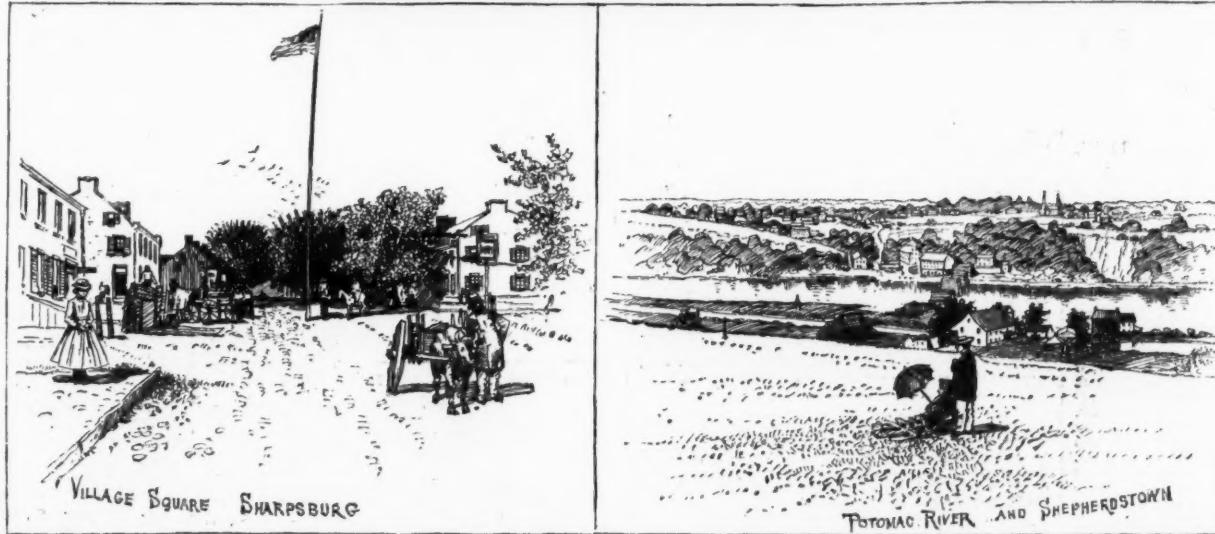
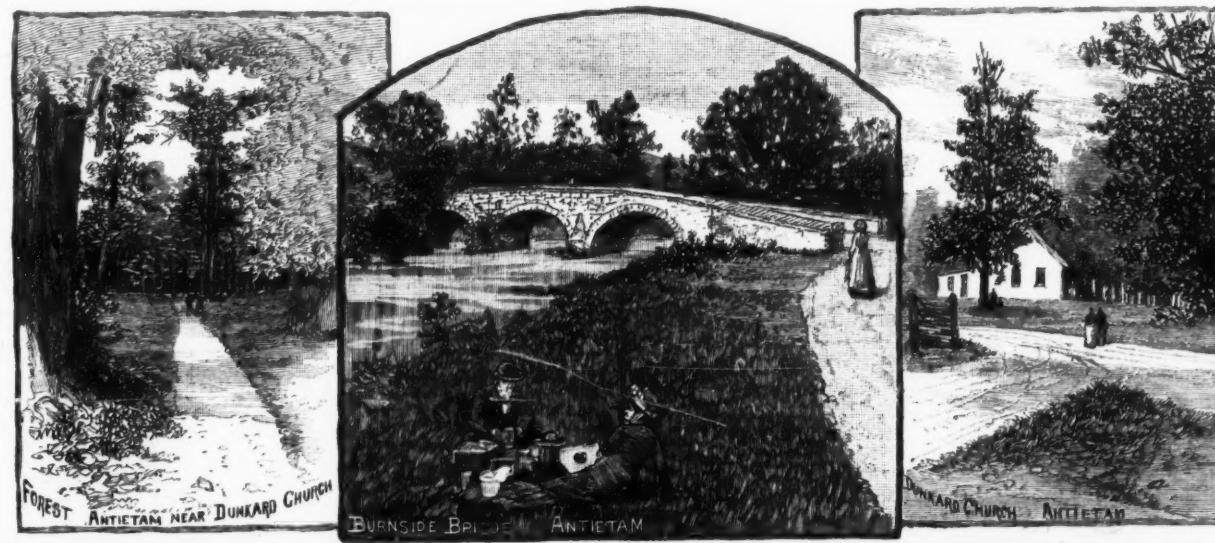
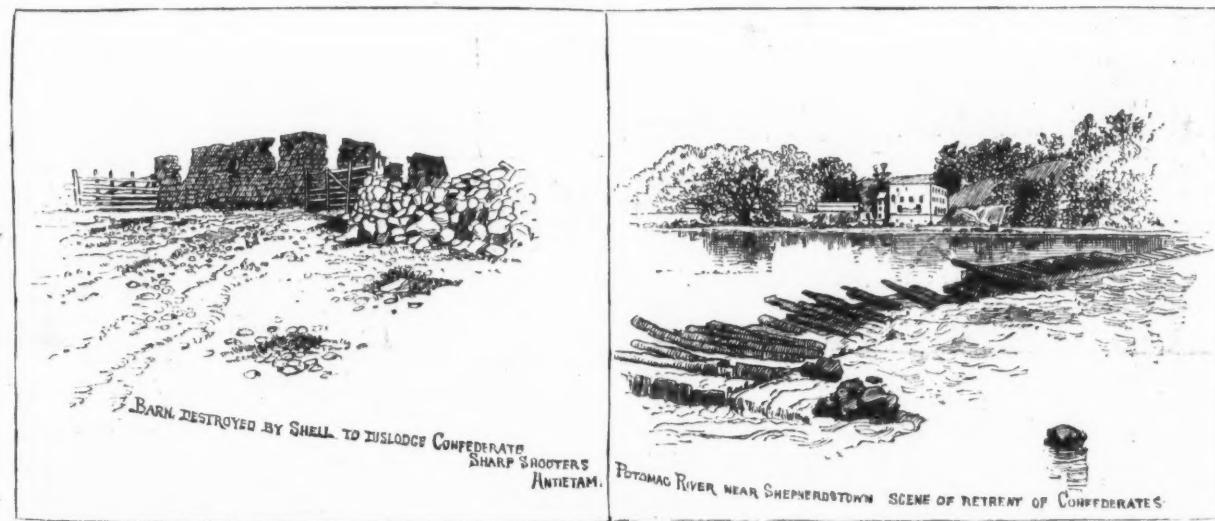
bravery which illuminated it, of the hand-to-hand encounters in which brother sought the life of brother, will for ever form a conspicuous part of the history of the struggle in which the nation was saved and liberty made universal throughout all our borders.

THE OPENING
OF THE
RACING SEASON.

DECORATION DAY was quite generally signalized all over the United States by the opening of the racing season. Both on the turf and water there were a number of notable events which attracted the attention of lovers of these sports; and these events will be followed by a succession of still more brilliant contests, filling up the Summer with pleasure and excitement for a vast body of our population. The popular interest in all sorts of manly and healthful sports has greatly increased during the last few years, and this interest will no doubt deepen as these sports become more and more free from the obnoxious features which have heretofore attached to some of them. Our illustrations give a vivid idea of the revival of the sporting season now so widely in progress.

CARPET HISTORY.

WILTON carpets were made for many years before Brussels. It is probable, however, that the Wilton of early times was somewhat different in its construction from that of the present. Henry Herbert, ninth Earl of Pembroke, introduced its manufacture in 1745, but the goods had been made some time prior in France. In 1755 English Axminster carpets were made. But it was not until 1749 that a loom was constructed which would produce a Brussels carpet, and just here is an exceedingly interesting anecdote, which has been handed down from father to son as an inviolable truth: During 1730 and 1735, John Broom traveled through Tourney and Brussels, studying the stitch which was then known as the

MARYLAND.—DECORATION DAY AT ANTIETAM—SCENES ON THE BATTLEFIELD.
FROM PHOTOS BY CHASE.

Brussels stitch. In Brussels, particularly, weavers were at that time making a carpet named after the town—the Brussels carpet. Broom studied with much earnestness the mystery of the manufacture, and finally made the acquaintance in Tournay of a weaver understanding the secret. He and this weaver immediately repaired to England, and near St. Skipton, Kidderminster, they put up the first Brussels loom, 1749. They operated with absolute secrecy, but in time their *modus operandi* was exposed. Broom and his Belgian workman labored night and day, and it being known where their operations were conducted, some enterprising fellow climbed to the window, and, night after night, from his perilous perch outside, he studied the operations of the mechanism within, until he was able to carry away in his mind a model of the Brussels loom. Then a second firm and several others soon came into the field, and in 1755 Kidderminster was doing considerable in the way of Brussels. To-day there is scarcely anything else but Brussels made in Kidderminster, and, odd as it may seem, there is scarcely a yard of the original Kidderminster carpet produced there.

AN ORIENTAL RULER MARRIES A POOR GIRL.

HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJAH DULEEP SINGH, who makes such a dazzling display of diamonds at Queen Victoria's court, married a poor girl in Egypt under most unusual circumstances. The Maharajah was paying a visit to the American Mission-school at Cairo, and was attracted by the intelligent manner with which one of the teachers conducted her class. The interest of the prince increased on conversing with the girl, and he obtained the particulars of her history from the superintendent of the school. She was the daughter of an Arab woman. Her father was a German, who, on his marriage with a countrywoman of his own, placed her in the Mission-school, but from that time had refused to recognize her in any way. The superintendent had only expressions of the highest praise for the girl's conduct in fitting herself for the position of teacher. Though of pleasing appearance, the girl was by no means beautiful. The prince married the Arab girl a fortnight later at the British Consulate at Alexandria.

HUMORS OF THE AGRICULTURAL BUREAU.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writes: "Some of the letters received at the Agricultural Department are curious epistles. They are addressed by their writers in every conceivable way. One man writes: 'Mr. Seedman'; another, 'To the Boss Agriculturist'; still another, 'To the Government Farmer at Headquarters.' The most curious things about the letters are the requests they contain. One correspondent asked to be supplied with 'guse nek squash.' Another wants 'one game-cock and two chickens' sent to him 'by express,' and 'as quick as possible,' too. There was one letter, however, which had the effect, I think, of turning the laugh on the Department. The writer asked to have me led to him one of the annual reports of the Commissioner. The letter was turned over to one of those fossils with whom the Department is at all times crowded. That worthy sat down and wrote a long letter, asking the man who had made the request for the report what he wanted it for; if there was any special thing he wished to find out; whether the Department could supply the information in a more direct way; for which year he wanted the report, etc. In a few days the answer came back: 'I don't care a — what year you send. I want it for a scrap-book.'"

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY has made a general reduction of fares from all important Atlantic Coast cities to those of the West and Northwest. From New York to Chicago, the reduced rate, except on the 24-hour "limited," is \$15.

FUN.

FIXED STARS—Members of a stranded theatrical troupe.

A LAWYER'S MOTTO—*Suum cuique* ("Sue 'em quick").

If any man can give the Russians trouble, Abdurrahman Khan.

"In India it costs more to get married than to die." It is the same in Chicago. You can only die once.

A GYPSY marriage consists of the bride and groom stepping over a broomstick. In Christian marriages the broomstick usually comes into play after marriage.

If you want to enjoy your morning shade thoroughly, get up your appetite by rising early and taking a little roe before breakfast.

"YES," remarked the new borderer, who had sat down upon a squash pie, which the domestic had casually deposited in his chair while laying the table—"yes, I am very fond of squash pie; but I don't care to make a meal on it."

THE London *Graphic* says: "A countryman, named William Stickers, flying to London to escape from rural justice, was appalled at reading on a wall: 'Bill Stickers Beware!' He went on a little further, but reading again, 'Bill Stickers will be punished with the utmost rigor of the law,' gave himself up for lost, and surrendered."

A DEEPLY INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

The name of Rev. John H. Chandler is an honored one in the literature and labor of the Baptist Church; especially in connection with his forty years' devotion to missionary work in Burmah and Siam—a work in which his accomplished wife shared during the whole of this long period. For most of this time his residence was at Bangkok, in Siam, the capital of the kingdom. Here he rendered himself valuable to the king and his court, as translator of important documents. In 1859 he was appointed United States Consul at Bangkok. He was also tutor to the present King of Siam.

One of the almost inevitable results of missionary labor is the breaking down of health, and neither Mr. nor Mrs. Chandler escaped. In 1872 their condition became so serious that they returned to this country for medical treatment. They went back to Siam in 1872, intending to stay for six years, both soon grew worse, and had to come to the United States at the end of three. What Mr. Chandler's condition was at that time is given in his own words, as related to a gentleman who called upon him recently at his home, in Camden, New Jersey:

"I was a complete wreck. My lung weakness was so great that for months at a time I could not write or read. The nerves of my stomach were totally demoralized. My food would not digest. I had to lay

aside all my teaching and literary labor. I was unable to do either physical or mental work. I was also troubled with palpitation of the heart and with an obstinate catarrh of ten years' standing; altogether I was a very sick man. While thus suffering, the Rev. Dr. MacFarland, a Presbyterian missionary, at Bangkok, called my attention to Compound Oxygen. He had tried it for indigestion and general debility, and had found it very beneficial.

"While I was on my way home I found myself in a very critical condition. I almost gave up hope. On reaching Philadelphia I consulted Drs. Starkey & Paley. I soon began the use of Compound Oxygen. It acted like a charm. Very soon I felt signs of returning strength. In the matter of diabetes the relief was particularly noticeable. Improvement went on gradually, but surely. I became so that I could eat with regularity, and really enjoyed my food. In time my old symptoms of wretchedness and weariness passed away and I was myself again.

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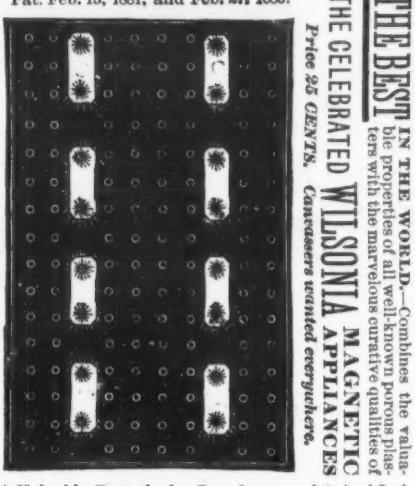
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